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TIME'S TREASURE.

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FOR

EDMONSTON AND DOUGLAS.

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TIME'S TREASURE

OR DEVOUT THOUGHTS FOR
EVERY DAY OF THE YEAR
EXPRESSED IN VERSE

EDINBURGH
EDMONSTON AND DOUGLAS
1862.

LOAN STACK

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The Author's Preface.

I OFFER *this Volume as a Collection of Thoughts, rather than Poems. My design is simply to present, day by day, a brief exercise of devout reflection, which, actually performed by one Christian, may be fitly repeated by others; expressed in that form of language, which, as it is peculiarly appropriate to the Divine praise, is, on that account, specially fitted to be the vehicle of religious meditation. The object of the volume is not an exhibition of poetic fancy, but an expression of Christian Life.*

Kinlock.

October 1862.

Devout Thoughts.

January.

1. The Treasure Hid in the Field.

TIME is to me a bounded field,
Alas! uncultured left and bare,
With little to my Lord to yield;
Yet hath it nooks, to none revealed,
With hidden treasure there.

The moments, which have deeper sense
Of grace divine, or Christian trust,
Have secret gleams of joy intense,
And thoughts with brightness sparkling thence,
Though lifted from the dust.

I gain an always growing hoard,
Searching for love still deeper down;
I store my treasure, to afford
Some offerings to a bleeding Lord,
Some lustre to his crown.

2. The Unknown God.

A STRANGER once I met, of aspect stern,
Of whom 'twas told, that, if I did but learn
His real nature, I should love him well;
But still I found that aspect stern repel,
And would not once go near him, truth to tell.

At last I found that he, unknown to me,
Had done me service; then I thought 'twould be
Fit that I thanked him: so to him I went;
And found uprightness with such sweetness blent,
I gave him all my heart; nor since repent.

Lord, when thou stranger art, we treat thee so;
We think thee stern in aspect, till we go
More close to thee; then find 'twas our ill sight;
When all thy holy grace we know aright,
Love thee we must, e'en in our own despite.

3. The Withered Hand.

WHEN thou say'st, 'Stretch forth thine hand,'
'Lord, 'tis withered,' I reply;
'Fruitless, therefore, thy command;
Vain for me the act to try:
Lord, the power thou bidd'st me use
Thou thyself must first infuse.'

Still thou say'st, 'Stretch forth thine hand;'
  Then, though I as hopeless view it,
In essaying thy command,
  Strangely I succeed to do it:
All my cure is found completed,
When I stretch my will to meet it.

4. The Fulfilment of Scripture.

SAVIOUR, thou bad'st thy friend the sword put up,
  Drawn 'gainst thy clamorous foes, by love unskilled;
Thou told'st 'twas needful thou should'st drink the cup,
  'Else how shall Scripture,' saidst thou, 'be fulfilled?'
Lord, thou to all thine own hast here bequeathed
  A thought, the wild sharp burst of woe to stay:
A question when, as if with sword unsheathed,
  Rashly we'd drive our bosom's griefs away.
  All, saith thy Word, who win heaven's bright array,
Bear tribulation as a needful load;
The truth were falsehood, were there e'er bestowed
  The crown, where ne'er the cross on shoulder lay.
O aching heart, be all thy sorrows stilled
With this, 'How else shall Scripture be fulfilled?'

5. Bought with a Price.

SAVIOUR, with a mighty sum
  First thou bought'st me;

To thy home to bid me come,
Far thou sought'st me.

I was stubborn, nor would go;
Yet thou drav'st me
Neither by reproach nor blow;
Gold thou gav'st me.

Still excuses I rehearsed,
Till thou threw'st me
Look of one whose heart was pierced;
Then thou drew'st me.

Soon as willingly I wrought
What thou bad'st me,
Thou, where I was bondsman brought,
Freeman mad'st me.

6. The Light of the World.

SAVIOUR, thou art my light,
Yet light with earthly shade;
Day, interspersed with night,
My course appointed made.

I walk in gloom awhile;
And then, like break of dawn,
There comes from thee a smile,
And gloom is all withdrawn.

Thy light is still enough
To guide me safely on;
And show, though path be rough,
The way is rightly gone.

Thy light preserves me glad;
For always light is joy;
And wakes me up when sad,
To cheer in thine employ.

Thy light conducts me back,
When error farthest bore;
And gives, on weariest track,
A sight of heaven before.

Thy light to fear is trust,
To doubt perception found;
A sky for flight from dust,
A sun all earth around.

My wisdom and my might
A feeble child display;
But still, a child of light,
I grow to perfect day.

7. Enduring Hardness.

HE is not the soldier good,
Who can nought but bravely fight;

And the fame of foe withstood
Stains by strife, and riot's blight;
But who on the march maintains
Order, and ill thoughts restrains,
Bears his load, and ne'er complains.

Then what boots it, that this heart
Stems the tempter's fierce attack,
Yet neglects its common part,
Called to daily progress back;
Slights each small commanded care,
Spurns the task, and scorns the fare,
Frets the common load to bear?

Captain of salvation, thou
Well might'st mark, with angry glance,
Thoughts so wild, so dark a brow,
Sullen step, and slow advance.
Only thy good soldier he,
Who, though nought with flesh agree,
Hardness, Lord, endures for thee.

8. Daily Sameness.

LORD, every morning that I rise,
How praise should mingle with delight,
If nothing meet my anxious eyes
Except the calm I left at night;
A peaceful lake, in constant sight.

Only to no ill news to wake,
Is blessing rich, though slightly heeded ;
Oh, prize it, lest unlooked-for ache
To make thee know thy bliss be needed :
To learn thy lesson, daily read it.

9. A Thought on One Deceased.

WE know not, O beloved one, why so soon
Thou from our side wast called above to hie ;
Love is bewildered, finding, e'en at noon,
Darkness to hem his path, and cloud his sky.

But thou know'st all ; thou see'st how good and just
Thy God and ours, when most he made us grieve ;
And we, who in thy wisdom placed such trust,
For thy sake, what we see not yet believe.

10. Self Crucified.

SELF, like Monarch, sits enthroned,
Ruling all around ;
Prostrate subjects kindly owned,
Friends to silence frowned.
Priest as well as King is he,
Priest of self-idolatry ;
Bold to use God's shrine, and store,
Incense unto self to pour.

Him, whom mightiest rival fails
From his throne to cast,
One in manger born assails,
And o'erthrows at last.
He, with host of lowly graces,
Breaks the fort in divers places ;
Till, an entrance opened wide,
Self is bound, and crucified.

11. Gifts to God.

I GATHERED, Lord, of flowers the fairest,
For thee to twine ;
I hoarded gems, of hue the rarest,
To make them thine :
But thou mine offer so preventedst,
By gift from thee, beyond my thought,
That, whilst I took what thou presentedst,
I was ashamed to give thee ought.

My gifts appeared so poor and meagre,
Matched with thy boon,
I straightway grew to hide them eager ;
But thou, full soon,
Smil'dst, as thou saidst, " Hast nought to render
Of all thou from my grace hast gained ?"
Then all I gave thee ; and the tender
From thine acceptance worth obtained.

12. Humiliations.

DIDST thou not give these humblings, time to time,
O God! this weak and sinful heart
To height so great of pride would climb,
As far below to leave the better part.

The joy I feel would run to sad wild riot,
Didst thou not check it by a fall;
And soothe it into sober quiet,
By throwing in the cup a drop of gall.

Failure thou bring'st, where most success seemed sure;
Yet friendly still thou mak'st the blow;
And, all unseen what I endure
By man, 'tis but for thee and me to know.

Ne'er hast thou humbled me to duteous frame,
But straight, my God, thou brought'st release;
And mad'st me lose tow'rds man my shame,
In sweet, calm port of one with God at peace.

13. The Wedding Guest.

'TIS not, Lord, that I am dressed,
Otherwise than as thou plann'st,
That I seem unworthy guest:

All my rags away are thrown ;
Nought put on but Christ alone.

'Tis that on the hidden breast
Lies a foulness which thou scann'st,
Fitting not the spotless vest :
As through inward falsehood known,
Joy and relish all are flown.

Then there seems a word addressed,
Whereby fainting hope thou fann'st ;
'This for feast above is zest ;
Thou shalt wash thy stains anon,
Ere thou up to that art gone.'

14. Christian Circumspection.

THOU may'st not lose thy crown, yet thou may'st lose
The royal spirit, for a passing time :
Thou may'st not lose thine heirship, yet may'st use
Wrongly thy Father's gifts, in thoughtless prime.

Keep well thy garments, that the wedding robe,
Which clears thine entrance, may be white and clean ;
Thy flaws in life, though not in title, probe ;
Nor mar what is, by shame for what hath been.

15. Divine Strength.

I NEED a strength, e'en his exceeding,
Who, in his straits,
Bore off the gates,
Which barred him from his prison speeding.

For, where the path to peace conducteth,
My sins instil
A feeble will,
Which e'en an open way obstructeth.

Christ is the way to safety leading;
The least of knocks
The gate unlocks,
And nought is found the path impeding.

But adverse will such bars amasseth,
That, forth to go,
God must bestow
Strength which the strongest man's surpasseth.

16. Secret Griefs.

SAVIOUR, thou hadst thy secret griefs, unknown
To all except thy Father: hence wast thou
All night in prayer upon the mountain's brow,
And walk'dst upon the midnight sea alone.

Only Gethsemane darkened so its woes,
Thou neededst angels' strengthening ere the close,
And human friends kept'st near thee, in thy throes.

O Saviour! what are we, that we should fret
For griefs untold, staining the midnight couch?
These but a likeness to our Lord avouch,
The faint dim shadow, by the substance set.
Thou, in our agony, art near the spot,
With angels' food, and love so free from blot,
Thou watchest all the hour, and slumberest not.

17. A Lost Day.

SAY not thou hast lost a day,
If, amidst its weary hours,
Gloomy thoughts, and flagging powers,
Thou hast found that thou could'st pray.

By a single earnest prayer,
Thou may'st much of work have done;
Much of wealth and progress won,
Yielded not by toil and care.

To thy dear ones, then embraced,
Thou may'st wondrous help have lent;
Message full of love have sent;
Given a fortune free from waste.

If one thought was upward thrown,
'Twas to eyes in heaven a sign;
'Twas to heavenly treasures coin;
'Twas in house above a stone.

In God's book of weal and crime,
Many days, in which thou thought'st
Thou full well, and hardly wrought'st,
Bear the blot of idle time:

Whilst the day, to which may fall
One short prayer alone for mark,
Writ may be, midst bright and dark,
As thy gainfullest of all.

18. The Two Brothers.

WHEN thou commandedst, Lord, I made a show
Of prompt compliance, saying, 'Lord, I go;'
But still I went not; when thy garden fair
Thou cam'st to view, thou didst not find me there.

A brother near me heard the hest, and said,
'I will not;' but repented him, and sped:
Ah, Lord, it doth not need or thought or skill,
To tell which son hath done his Father's will.

19. Prayer.

IF to heaven's throne thou would'st, my soul, assure
Thy way, thou must make angels' wings thine own;

And what are these but thoughts, so high and pure,
They bear to God, so soon as upwards thrown?
'Tis not the distance which to sight is shown,
That keeps thee far; but 'tis the weight within:
Strive, with a might which bursts in heaving groan,
To doff thy load, and thou ascent shalt win:
Look not, on upward course, aside to sin,
Or straight thou'lt lose the point thou aim'st to reach;
If thou should'st drop, the flight afresh begin;
Stretch forth to Christ thine hand, and use Christ's speech:
Ofttimes, when mists and darkness cause dismay,
Thou'rt near the end, not knowing 'tis God's way.

20. Love and Zeal.

LOVE and Zeal the race began,
Towards the Saviour's tomb:
Love was firm, and Zeal outran,
In the twilight's gloom:
Then, restrained by modest doubt,
Love stood still, the place without;
Zeal rushed in, no dread about.

Yet was not Love left behind;
Deeper down he went;
Tokens of his Lord to find
All as much intent.

When they saw where Jesus lay,
Zeal went marvelling away ;
Love believed, the Scriptures say.

21. The Measure of Love.

MINE acts, O God, more fit proportions need,
My grace to suit,
And make agreed
The seed and fruit.

I have been much forgiven, and much should love ;
But still the debt
Is far above
The payment set.

I make a feast for Christ ; but only spread
A table fair ;
Both hands and head
Earth-stained are there.

The sinful woman, at the Saviour's feet,
By tears affords
Return more sweet
Than all my hoards.

The Saviour bids my state with hers revolve,
And question asks,
Which to resolve
My conscience tasks.

My Lord reproves my want of love; and I,
With pride all gone,
Meekly reply,
'Master, say on.'

22. The Mourner's Text.

''TWAS the Lord gave;
The Lord hath taken away;'
So, at the grave,
I stand, and strive to say:
Yielding, O God, although with struggling groan,
Thy right to take thine own.

'Twas the Lord's gift:
I muse on sunny years;
And heart I lift,
With thanks amid my tears:
Lord, thou conferr'dst on me beyond my share
Of good, and dear, and fair.

'Twas the Lord took;
Hence I have pledge most sure,
Again to look
On smile so sweet and pure.
Thou tak'st not to destroy, but to restore,
More bright, and loved much more.

So, as it hoards
Together joys and woes,
The text affords,
O Lord, the fitting close.
I say—and turn to leave the hallowed sod—
'Blest be the name of God!'

23. Good Thoughts.

HOLY Spirit, when I rest,
In my heart good thoughts suggest;
Like a friend, whom curtains hide,
Speaking gently at my side.

When the bustling town I thread,
Holy thoughts by thee be bred,
Whispered, as in crowds hath been
Warning hint by friend unseen.

When I walk in gloom or fear,
Thoughts of God instil to cheer;
As from friendly presence learned,
Though for darkness not discerned.

At my death beside me be,
Like a clearing mystery;
With such gracious thoughts dispensed,
As are heaven's talk commenced.

24. The True Physician.

WE often seek thy servants, Lord,
When we thyself should seek ;
And find they nor can help afford,
Nor e'en our ailment speak.

We act like him of old, who long
His God had served and known,
Yet went, in time of sorrow, wrong,
Where love his path had shown :—

What though 'twas but a fleshly ill,
We read that blame it brought,
To lean on the physician's skill,
Not on the God who taught.

Thou, who hast balm within thy stores,
From thy most skilled concealed,
Teach me to bring to thee my sores,
And find both hid and healed.

25. The Thief on the Cross.

WELL I can trust the Scripture story,
Of sin at once replaced by glory,
In him, who, by the Saviour's side,
Was with the Saviour crucified.

For what am I, who, by demerit,
Each day a doom like his inherit,
But one who must, from sin forgiven,
At last, like him, go straight to heaven?

My works could never bear me thither;
Daily my hopes of heaven they wither;
Did I this moment meet my grave,
'Twould be a grace like his would save.

My deathbed will a cross resemble,
On which, for sin, to groan and tremble,
Save for a trust, like him, to rise,
Through Christ's own word, to Paradise.

26. Grief's Submission.

I CANNOT, 'neath thy blow,
My God, thy praises sound:
I can but lie full low,
And cling the cross around.

I cannot, midst the dust,
Descry thy gracious aim:
I can but own thee just,
Nor once thy dealings blame.

I cannot pray aright;
Only, though sight be dim,

I see One pray in light,
And mutely look to Him.

I cannot tears restrain ;
Only I can reflect,
That, 'neath a kindred pain,
My Saviour's were not checked.

Submission to thine hand
Is all the height I reach ;
I cannot song command,
But praise, by checking speech.

Like child of sire reproved,
I keep my lowly place,
Till thou, the frown removed,
For duty nerve by grace.

Thou dost not ask to-day,
My God, the debt I owe :
Thou know'st I cannot pay,
Till thou the means bestow.

27. Mysteries.

I MET a child, amidst a deafening maze
Of wheels, and bands, and engines loudly wrought ;
On which the child fixed a bewildered gaze,
Viewing such products rare so strangely brought.

The master of the work stood by, and taught,
How this revolved, whence that its action drew ;
The child looked up, with eye of pure clear blue,
And ne'er the while but half his meaning caught :
Yet was his smile so sweet, his mien so kind,
The child believed it all, nor held one doubt :
Then I, whose faith in thee was nigh worn out,
My God, went from the spot with bettered mind ;
I am that child, content thy word to take,
For all thy world holds strange, for thy love's sake.

28. Labourers into the Vineyard.

GO ye to the vineyard straight ;
Christ the Master bids you go :
Only 'twill be found too late,
If ye to obey be slow.

Though the day be nearly done,
There is still some work to do ;
Weight of toil, and heat of sun,
Now will lessened be to you.

What though all the past may be
Gone in useless talk or play,
Still an hour may prove, that ye
Were not idle all the day.

Work the more, for shorter space ;
So that, when the day is past,
All receive, from generous grace,
Equal hire, both first and last.

29. The Treasures of the Heart.

IN the heart there lies
Treasure which we prize,
Locked from mortal eyes ;

Feelings rich and old,
Kept like gems and gold,
With a secret hold.

O'er our hoard we brood,
And the world exclude ;
Yet of God are viewed.

God commands thee start
Back from miser's part,
Acted with the heart.

Keep, He saith, with care,
Feelings right to bear ;
Yet with others share.

Forth thy treasure take,
Others rich to make,
For the Giver's sake.

30. God's Epistle.

THOU may'st not be God's messenger, yet may'st
Be God's epistle, for man's teaching traced ;
So on thy heart Christ's law and love inscribed,
As tells thou all Christ's spirit hast imbibed.

See that, the meaning clearly to transmit,
Thou show'st the character distinctly writ ;
And what on thee is marked, by God's own pen,
Be, all around thee, seen and read of men.

31. The Good Samaritan.

WHEN priest and Levite pass thee by,
Despair not aid to find ;
There draws a bounteous neighbour nigh,
Although of stranger kind.

He rideth on a lowly beast ;
And yet, at Zion's gate,
He'll enter, as to royal feast,
And palms and shouts await.

He will not, as the rest have done,
Pass on the other side ;
He'll light on earth, and tow'rds thee run,
Soon as thy need's espied.

Though feebly thou may'st help implore,
He'll note the faintest sign;
He'll bind thy wound, and heal thy sore,
And give thee oil and wine.

For thee he'll tread the earth afoot,
With thee beside him borne;
His ways will make thy weakness suit,
Nor quit thee till 'tis morn.

He'll bring thee to a place of rest,
In wayside inn, and then
Will leave thee coin that buys its best,
Until he come again.

February.

1. Perfection.

DEEP in my breast I bear
Sense of perfection, lurking like a sting
Shooting a pang, in view of loveliest thing,
Something still wanting there.

Nor only things of sight,
E'en what they call my virtues yield me pain;
Applause deludes awhile; but soon the stain
Starts into torturing light.

Partly the cause is grace,
Which loftier height thereby before me sets:
Partly 'tis sin; a heart whose pride forgets
What fits a creature's place.

Make me, my God, content
To know myself in progress, not complete;
Give, to the full, the joy for creature meet,
The never stayed ascent.

2. The Alabaster Box.

REPROVE not her, who on her Lord
Bestows the alabaster box;
Nor deem the fragrance she unlocks
An idle homage to afford;
Nor taunt her tears, her prayers, her musings pure,
With gibe that asks them changed for somewhat to the poor.

The poor are ever in the land;
And fed by some who starve their Lord;
Nor always may be seen accord
The heart devout with bounteous hand:
Oh well, if, 'mid the throng, to some we point,
Who, with sweet thoughts of love, the Lord that died anoint.

3. Self-Restraint.

MY Saviour, though thou knew'st of sin no taint,
Still hadst thou cause
On thee to take a work of self-restraint,
Beyond our part, who break so soon thy laws.

Thou hadst thy native Godhead so to bind
In human frame,
That all its power, wrath, glory, close confined,
Lay fettered there, nor forth to action came.

To make thee weak, required a willing force,
Put on thy might ;—
Mean, poor, and dark,—a strong repulsive course,
Against thy proper bliss, and wealth, and light.

What is my task, when chaining in my breast
My nature's sin,
Compared with thine, which, for my sake, repressed
Thy Godhead, one sad broken heart within ?

4. God's Goodness.

LORD, how thy goodness man's surmounteth ;
For he, amid his kindest deeds,
Ever some selfish profit counteth,
Or thanks, at least, for guerdon needs.

Thou giv'st to us, with nought returned thee ;
Thou pay'st a hire where none was earned ;
Thou comest back where we had spurned thee,
With gifts whose value we had learned.

Thy goodness falls on men when sleeping,
Like dew on flowers that close and grow ;
In riches, and in beauty, keeping
Those that their Maker do not know.

Man holds his grace, until we sue it ;
Thou bring'st it to our close-shut door ;
Before we asked, and ere we knew it,
Thy Son had paid our debt, and more.

5. Godliness Profitable.

IT is not heaven alone,
Which godliness attains;
It makes as much its own
The best of worldly gains:
Since out of all on earth it draws
The ore which of its worth is cause.

From godliness there flows
A current of content:
And ill to blessing grows,
By thought of blessing meant:
Each lot as sent by God it holds;
And each a bounty straight unfolds.

It keeps the mind from wrong,
And so of peace secure;
It keeps the body strong,
Because it keeps it pure:
And hath enough, on which to wait
The heirship of a large estate.

And thus a double bliss
To godliness pertains:
The world which present is,
And that to come it gains:
The earthly good is heaven's begun;
The promise rolls the two in one.

6. The Voice of the Shepherd.

THY sheep, O Shepherd, know thy voice,
When thou, on heavenward way,
Mak'st them in straight plain path rejoice;
Or, when they chance to stray,
Recall'st them from an erring choice.

Blithely 'tis heard at early dawn,
When, roused the light to view,
Thine own, with step like bounding fawn,
Hie them to pastures new,
The mist not yet from earth withdrawn.

And sweeter still 'twill sound anon,
When eve the fold brings nigh;
And those who long and far have gone
Thou leadest down to lie;
And gently bear'st the burdened on.

7. What of the Night?

WATCHMAN, what of the night?
Clears not the darkened sky?
Come there no signs of light?
Is not the morning nigh?
'Darkness is all around;
Nowhere may light be found,

Save from the watcher's fire ;
Thou must again inquire.'

Watchman, what of the night?
Long I have lain awake,
Yearning for fair and bright ;
Finding no dawn to break.
'Darkness begins to fly,
Though but to watcher's eye :
Still must the night-lamp burn ;
Yet thou may'st soon return.'

Watchman, what of the night?
Peaceful is now my state ;
Long as my God deems right,
Quiet my soul will wait.
'Up! from the eastern hills,
Rays are like gushing rills ;
Up, from thy darkness spring ;
Up, and thine anthem sing.'

8. The Unsearchable Riches.

LARGE howe'er the store
Of thine earthly gold,
Thou may'st count it o'er,
And the sum be told :
But the riches Christ bestows
All the world could not enclose ;

And they ne'er can reckoned be,
Counted through eternity.

Knowledge is a mine,
Given thee to explore ;
But there runs a line,
Limiting the ore.
In the love of Christ there lies
Wealth no boundaries comprise ;
None its length or breadth can tell ;
It hath depths unsearchable.

9. Seeing God.

IF but the pure see God, then how can I,
Whose foul heart dims his eye ;
Or seeks a screen,
To place its foulness and its God between ?

E'en the reflected light the Word affords
Scarce with my sight accords ;
'Tis felt too strong,
For eyes diseased clearly to read, or long.

Then starts a truth, which when the mind revolves,
The riddle straight it solves :
Christ, it is told,
God's image is ; who see Christ God behold.

Safe, as when once earth's common ways he took.
Sinners to Christ may look:
Thus doth he give
The means whereby man may see God, and live.

10. Censure.

STAY thy censure, when the lamp
Of thy neighbour seemeth low:
Much may happen faith to damp,
Far beyond thy power to know;
Oil may in the vessel lie,
Light and gladness to supply,
When the Master draweth nigh.

See thy light thou dost not waste
In a vain and false display;
Nor, amidst its clearness placed,
Slumber all thy time away:
Oft thy vessel's fulness try;
Lest, when comes the bridal cry,
Thou should'st perish ere thou buy.

11. The Word a Nail.

THY Word is as a nail, which, by thy grace,
Thou sett'st, O Lord, in sure and holdfast place:
'Twas needful that an oft-repeated blow
Should come from thee, that, in my bosom, so
Thy lesson should be fixed, thy hand below.

Stint not the blow, my God; yet let it fall
In mode to cleanse the heart, but not appal:
Thy Word be as a nail from out the tree
On which my Saviour hung; that so it be
The true, dear relic of his love to me.

12. Christ's Cleansing.

MY Saviour, when thou would'st descend,
To cleanse me from an earthly stain,
I feel like that apostle rash,
Who would not let thee stoop to wash;
That very part thou would'st amend,
Is that which I would foul retain;
I'd tread the beaten pathway o'er,
With feet polluted as before.

Then, when thou bend'st me to thy will,
As far, in converse mode, I err:
I pray a cleansing to receive
Which thou for mine own work would'st leave;
Lord, in this heart, more clear instil
What thou would'st ask, and what confer;
Clean if I keep my hands and head,
Thou o'er each whit wilt pureness shed.

13. Fleeing from God.

WHEN from thy presence, Lord, I flee,
As 'twas with Jonah 'tis with me;

Straight I am tossed
On billows of a restless sea.

I sleep awhile, but soon am woke
By voice, which seems as though it spoke,
That all was lost ;
And bade me quick my God invoke.

Man, for my profit, ill behaves,
And casts me 'midst the whelming waves,
That, at strange cost,
My God may show me how he saves.

14. The Reckoning.

COUNT thy smiles, and then thy sighs ;
Think how oft the former break,
Midst of care, and toil, and ache,
How the last more rarely rise ;
So of life the reckoning make,
Nor the balance more mistake.

Count thy common daily joys,
Whence, from hour to hour, to reap
Grateful relish, feelings deep ;
Then what grieves thee, or annoys,
See a grain amidst a heap;
So, correct the reckoning keep.

Happy is our life below,
By an overplus of pleasure ;
But our sins fill up the measure,
On the side of pain and woe.

15. An After Record.

METHOUGHT I read, at close of time, a scroll
Writ with my former life, and which the whole
Displayed from first to last ; strange was it then,
To mark how little, passed 'mongst fellow-men,
It held, how much mid things beyond my ken.

I saw the acts, which seemed to stamp its hue,
Shrink into nothing ; and there sprang to view
A world unseen, but real, where was spent
Its actual course ; and from whose sphere was sent
The cause, and end, which coloured each event.

I traced my present woe, although the book
Gave to its seeming largeness but a nook ;
Therewith I found combined unseen design
Of wondrous grace ; and such blest issue mine,
As turned to grateful praise the closing line.

16. Fire from Heaven.

THOU may'st with Christ to Zion fare,
And, where thou mean'st to stay,

And welcome for thy Lord prepare,
Be rudely turned away.

But check the thought, if e'er it stir,
Which fire from heaven would draw ;
Thou'lt else thy Lord's rebuke incur,
As for unconscious flaw.

Thy Master, e'en for slighted love,
Put on no vengeful frown :
Draw, O disciple, from above,
Nought but his spirit down.

Give to the sin a prayer or tear ;
And speed on peaceful way ;
There lies some other village near,
Where Christ and thou may stay.

17. Afflicting not willingly.

GOD permits our folly,
That he thence may draw
Wholesome melancholy,
Healing of a flaw.
Save for folly breaking,
We would faultless feel ;
Folly cures mistaking,
And compels to kneel.

God is never willing
  Human hearts to grieve,
But, for love instilling,
  Oft must love bereave.
Woe is never joyous;
  But, like pruner's knife,
Makes what would destroy us
  Leave the fruit of life.

18. Riches.

HE who is for his riches noted,
  Within God's book,
His own new tomb to Christ devoted;
  Christ's body took,
And ointment spread where murd'rers smote it.

In secret he had sought his Master,
  Dreading wealth's loss;
But claimed him now, mid all disaster;
  Sight of the cross
Bolder his love had made, and faster.

Buy with thy wealth perfumes and spices,
  Christ slain to own;
Nor think a secret trust suffices;
  Thy tomb be known
As Christ's own bed, when comes thy crisis.

19. The Abundance of the Heart.

WHERE the spring o'erflows,
There the source it shows,
Whence the river rose.

So from heart there well
Words which gush, and tell
Whence is passion's swell.

If the heart be full,
Vain the lips to school,
As for stagnant pool.

Well to sway thy speech,
Thou thine heart must teach
Feeling's lawful reach.

If the heart be naught,
Words will come, unsought,
Foul as is the thought.

If the heart be right,
Words, like rays from light,
Will be pure and bright.

20. Temper.

WHAT though thou serv'st not lust, or gold, or pride;
If ne'er its burst to temper be denied,
God's sway as much is scorned, and law defied.

Boast not thyself as free from foul offence ;
Thou but indulgest self, in different sense,
Avoiding sins to which thou'rt not propense.

Flout not thy brother for unbridled course ;
As much as he thou own'st the whirlwind's force ;
Thou hast his sin, and hast not his remorse.

Thy temper's stain be placed in constant sight,
To keep thee humble on the holiest height ;
And prayer preserve from rust, to meet the fight.

21. Tenderness.

LORD, when, under Jairus' roof,
Woke, at thy command, the maid,
Thou of tenderest love a proof
Show'dst, by common words conveyed :
When, in marvel at the feat,
All stood mute, thou on the seat
Sett'st her, and bad'st give to eat.

Saviour, to a course like thine
Guide us, in our kindly deeds ;
Who, whilst wielding power divine,
Ne'er forgatt'st the lesser needs.
Love its richest succours flings
Vainly, till withal it brings
Gentle acts, in common things.

22. The Proud Leper.

THE leper stands before God's gate, with wealth and gifts in store,
And that he is not healed at once, is fretted more and more:
He will not dip in Jordan, where the Saviour was before;
He thinks his native streams are pure, and these will heal his sore.

He'd rather do some mighty thing, than but in Jordan lave,
In which no healing virtue dwells, but what the Saviour gave;
So Naaman thought, and from the door that oped not, angry drave;
Yet found the way which God had taught the only way to save.

The Jordan runs through all the world, although its course may be
So sunk from view, that men therein a fable only see:
O Saviour! there I'd wash where thou aforetime stood'st for me;
And, growing like a little child, rise from pollution free.

23. The Special Forgiveness.

SAVIOUR, 'twas when they nailed thee 'twixt the two,
Who justly died, that so they might declare
Of thee, that thou alike hadst met thy due,
That to thy Father rose the special prayer,
'Forgive them, for they know not what they do.'
O Saviour! teach us, to thine image true,
Chiefly in heart this pardoning frame to bear,
When men misjudge us, and 'midst evil crew
Blindly assign our place: the pangs that tear,
Through the world's censure, most of terror wear,
From thought that those, whose ways with hate we view,
Are deemed our fellows, and the judgment share.
O Saviour! let me raise thy prayer on high,
When men 'twixt malefactors crucify.

24. A Heart Right with God.

IF but my heart was right with God,
I think that naught
With ill were fraught,
But all I met, at home, abroad,
To rightness with my heart were brought.

If I my will could square with God's,
All things would run
With me at one;
My wish and fate be ne'er at odds,
And all be fittest as 'tis done.

I ask not God my lot to change;
Enough 'twill be
To make agree
My heart with all he may arrange,
To form a happy lot for me.

25. Faults in Christians.

'TWAS not, O Saviour! from the bad alone
Thou drew'st thy woe;
Thou hadst to bear a burden, which thine own
Gave thee to know:
Thy twelve were oft thy trial, when there grew
Pride, or false zeal, slow faith, or love untrue;
And thee to double meekness harshly drew.

Lord, I am unlike thee, when in thy saints
I meet with taints;
Harshly I chide the failings; wroth to bear;
Untrained to spare:
Give me, my Lord, thy spirit, quick to spy
Each fault, yet prompt to scan with gentle eye;
From mine own heart the virtue to supply.

26. Grief's Fast.

SAVIOUR, when we to fast prepare,
Thou bidd'st no saddened mien to bear;
Like those, their cheeks with gloom who mask,
The meed of higher grace to ask.

'Anoint thine head, and wash thy face,'
Thou say'st, 'that men no fast may trace;
In secret fast to God alone;
And wait an open blessing shown.'

O Thou who, by thy dealings past,
Now mak'st me as from joy to fast,
Give, in my dearth, such grace to reap,
That rightly I the fast may keep.

A smile I'd 'midst my brethren show,
Bearing no mark of inward woe;
Nor yet deceitful frame the smile,
But glow towards my race the while.

The grief, which forms my bosom's ache,
Sacred to thee, my God, I'd make:
And cause to thee its incense rise,
From lonely, hidden, sacrifice.

So may the cheerful gleam I cast
Return to mine own heart at last;
And men the secret fasting see
Of God rewarded openly.

27. The Brazen Serpent.

THE brazen serpent only stood
So long in Israel's sight,
As served, by Israel's thousands viewed,
To heal the deadly bite.

But Christ, my Lord, is raised for me
High in yon opened skies,
A constant mark for Faith to be,
And cure through lifted eyes.

I journey on my desert path ;
And still, as on I go,
My soul one ready object hath,
To cure each righteous blow.

My Lord assumed the form of flesh,
To heal of flesh the ill :
Still, through the Saviour viewed afresh,
The serpent fails to kill.

28. Cares.

LORD, with this weight of care,
How can I sing to thee ?

I lack the fields, the sun, the air,
The heav'nward liberty.

Only as in a cage,
Hung in a dull, drear street,
I strive my thraldom to assuage,
With strains that break and fleet.

I ponder on the time,
When, ere this bondage froze,
Free as the lark's, that chants at prime,
My early hymn arose.

Yet deep a comfort lies,
That, pass this long cold night,
I know the way to seek the skies,
The song that fits the flight.

29. Unusual Days.

THERE come unusual days, which, on life's plain,
Stand out for memory's gaze; days of rare joy,
Or startling incident, or unhoped gain,
Alas! too oft of more than wonted pain,
Or woe that breaks the heart; such days destroy
The sameness of life's course; and add one more
To the year's units, heaping thence our store
Of good or evil: ne'er can we maintain

The calendar unbroken, but must meet
The change that is corrective : Lord, when thou
Putt'st in my time a day, as thou dost now,
Unknown in other years, grant, I entreat,
Such grace illume it, that, whate'er its phase,
It add to holiness, and lengthen praise.

March.

1. Wise and Harmless.

BE thou as the serpent wise,
Yet as harmless as the dove ;
All the prudence grace supplies,
Tempered, by that grace, with love.

Not the serpent, now accursed,
E'er be followed as thy guide ;
But which dwelt in Eden first,
With the dove unharmed beside.

2. Inattention in Church.

A MESSAGE from the pulpit is declared,
And oft repeated, lest it fail to reach,
Telling thee, Lord, to have thy feast prepared,
And to a waiting banquet calling each ;
All things ('tis said) are ready, table dressed,
Wine without money, and the latest best.

Where are the hearers, when the word is said?
Gone from the spot in heart, oft far away;
This to his farm, that to his store is sped;
And e'en love's lawful aims seduce to stray:
Only some maimed and blind ones gladly hear;
And, whilst those perish, share the holy cheer.

3. The Power of Thankfulness.

THE lepers that were healed were ten;
Yet only one was brought to Christ;
Amongst the common crowd of men,
Unnoticed were the rest comprised:
As clean as all to outward eye,
As foul with inward leprosy.

'Twas thankfulness, which gave to one
The meed the others failed to win:
Oh, strive the part of these to shun,
Or look to perish in thy sin:
In vain the work of Christ is wrought
For hearts his mercy toucheth not.

4. God's Absence.

THOU, O my God, art absent, yet thy Word
Comes like a letter, daily had,
Which gives the doubts the night had stirred
Denial glad.

I read, but still I feel thee far away ;
Those very objects, new and strange,
Of which thou tell'st, a scene display,
Beyond my range.

Thou art my friend assured, yet 'tis with thee,
As with a friend removed from sight ;
We dread his face no more to see,
With nought to fright.

How can I act, save as with absent friend ?
Do what I deem the most would please ;
So fill the time, till sorrow's end
Come by degrees.

5. Petty Woes.

WHY, O my God, should I at trifles fret,
When thus thou try'st
To save me ills, which I should not have met,
Had these sufficed ?

The heavier blow
Thou'rt fain to shun,
If lighter show
The work is done.

Lord, let each peevish word, which trifles stir,
To praise give place,

For woes unfelt, which straight to thought occur,
As spared by grace.

May lighter ill
Take heavier's part;
Its end fulfil,
Eschew its smart.

6. The Pharisee and Publican.

TO thy temple, Lord, or table,
Ne'er by me be access sought,
Save, as much as I am able,
In the temper Christ hath taught.

Though in aspect all agree,
Each alike a Christian man,
Here there stands a Pharisee,
There a humble Publican.

Lord, I'd shun the former's part,
Fair though seen in outward view;
Keep the other's lowly heart;
Still, like him, for mercy sue.

Nought of pride I'd mix with praise;
Nought for boast in grace would see;
Ever this the prayer I raise,
'God be merciful to me.'

All my proper sins and faults
  Bending downwards I would own ;
Ne'er a thought which self exalts
  Nurse, by charge on others thrown.

Some a glance around me scans,
  Far from God who seem to be ;
Yet, who names them Publicans,
  Proves himself a Pharisee.

Nought I'd think, far less would say,
  These by contrast to condemn ;
Only would I further pray,
  'God be merciful to them.'

7. Dreams.

DREAMS are not sent in vain, though vain to tell
  Aught of the future, save thine own desire ;
They show the strange dark thoughts, unseen that dwell,
  Like foes illumined by a watcher's fire :
  They warn thee of a tempter standing nigher
Than in thy happy sunshine thou esteem'st ;
  Teach thee thine earthliness, and prove that higher
Than thou in truth hast gained, thyself thou deem'st.
They are not all from thee ; yet, in thy breast,
  Are found the forms the shadowy objects fill :

These are the pictures, whereby is expressed,
To startle e'en thyself, thy native ill.
I went to sleep, deeming all right within;
I woke, and knew my heart still full of sin.

8. Religious Converse.

THOU spak'st the word, O Saviour, and mine ear,
Which closed had lain, against both love and fear,
At once was opened; all thy gospel's cheer
I heard, and knew.

With opened ear came also tongue unloosed;
I could not choose but tell the joy diffused
Throughout my heart; whilst on thy grace I mused,
I owned it too.

Saviour, 'tis said thou sigh'dst when that redress
Thou gav'st of old; so with thy grace impress,
That ne'er my speech, through haste or thoughtlessness,
That sigh renew.

9. Success.

IF others to their merits rightly trace
Their wealth or place,
It is not so with me;
All my success I owe, my God, to thee.

Clearly I see how all my morning schemes
Had proved but dreams,
To break to long drear day,
Hadst thou not helped my arm, and hedged my way.

Full many a time I came to failure's brink,
And thought to sink;
But still thou gav'st thy hand,
And once again I stood, and still I stand.

Bears not the future more of cause for ease
To me than these?
Man's strength may soon be gone;
God's never fails, nor prayer to put it on.

10. Coming Ill.

THE grief I dread is not the only woe,
Which life may know;
And different may be that which truly falls:
Why, then, my care or courage cast away,
Before the day,
If what destroys may not be what appals?

'Sufficient for the day the present ill,'
Is wisdom still,
As when 'twas spoken on the mount of yore.
That which is future is in God's own hand;
There let it stand;
And God will bring the med'cine with the sore.

11. Confession.

LORD, I am mean and poor;
But thou a fortune ofttimes giv'st in alms;
All over I have sores; but thou hast balms,
Certain to cure.

It only needs to chase
My pride away, and tell my abject woe;
And strip my gaudy garments off, to show
The festering place.

I cannot this to man,
Whose hard cold brow shame into silence awes;
With ease to thee, whose meekness converse draws,
Saviour, I can.

12. Action.

DWELL not on present things;
But onward bound,
To the duty before thee:
So gain a heart that springs
From the snares around,
And the sorrows o'er thee.

Rest not in thought, except
Thy path to see;

Nor be tedious in choosing :
So shall thy heart be kept
From the trouble free,
Which thou mak'st by musing.

13. Predestination.

I SOUGHT a spacious room, in which of thought
The treasures lay ; and anxiously I wrought
Of God's decrees the tempting depth to sound ;
But all in vain I laboured, round and round ;
I emptied every shelf, and nothing found.

High at one end, a scroll, filled up of old,
Was hung, with name of every saint enrolled ;
But placed so far above me, that unfit
Mine eyes the lines to read, or rightly hit
Assurance that, 'midst others, I was writ.

I thought 'twould clearer grow as on I went ;
But, as I walked, I found the room present
A door, which opened wide to common ground,
On which there stood a cross, and thereon bound
One with sweet smile, though thorns his temples crowned.

My heart within me melted ; then he spake,
And told that God had spared me for his sake :

Enough I felt the word of one who bore
For me so much ; aside I threw my lore,
And went to homely work, perplexed no more.

14. Daily Readings.

MORN and eve I read thy Word ;
Yet, my God, am slow to look
At events which life have stirred,
Though they form as much thy book.

Every day a lesson brings
From the dealings of thy hand,
Filled with Scripture's holy things,
Warning, promise, and command.

In the Word is found a hint,
Like the text upon the page ;
Here, the comment's smaller print,
Longer musing to engage.

Neither, O my soul, neglect ;
Read both text and comment too ;
Only thus thou may'st expect
Thou'lt obtain the meaning true.

15. Waiting to be Gracious.

I DOUBT not, Lord, that thou art full of grace ;
But more I need to know, to suit my case :

How can I tell that grace, so large and free
To others, is not long since past for me?

Then, that thou waitest to be gracious, speaks
Thy Word; and faith none other answer seeks;
'I will not keep thee waiting, Lord,' I cry;
'If thou art prompt to give, to take am I.'

16. The Prayer of Agony.

TELL to thy God thy heart's desire,
With lips of fire;
But close the prayer, as did his own blest Son,
'Yet not my will, but thine be done.'

Freely, like Christ, to God express
Thy deep distress;
But pray thy Father, that he work, at will,
Woe which salvation must fulfil.

'All things are possible,' repeat;
And thrice entreat;
But, though the blood start to thy throbbing brow,
Lowly upon the ground be thou.

Arouse thy brethren by thy side;
Yet gently chide:
Then with thy God again thy soul engross,
And strengthened be to bear the cross.

17. Counting the Cost.

I DO not count the cost,
Which is of heaven the price,
Only because, if all was lost,
Heaven would for all suffice.

Did I resolve to rate
My comforts, one by one,
I would at some point hesitate,
Ere I was well begun.

Rather I choose to stake
The whole in one large sum;
And all, at once, the ransom make,
By which I free become.

I keep the Saviour's rule,
Like one who apprehends,
By single glance, the cost in full,
And all for him expends.

18. Distance.

I CANNOT stretch my arms to guard
Dear ones who far have hied;
Ah, me! I cannot peril ward
From those my hearth beside.

Yet, by a prayer to him, whose power
Is present there, as here,
I bring at once within a tower
The distant and the near.

I trust them to my God to keep,
As one in chains might do;
And sweetly in my prison sleep,
Sure that my God is true.

Nor them alone; myself I lay
On God, when dear ones part;
That, whilst he keeps them safe, he may
Keep me within their heart.

19. Finishing the Work.

EVER in life is a work to do,
Long enduring, and ne'er gone through;
Seeming to end, and begun anew.

Knowledge hath still some more to know;
Wealth hath greater to which to grow;
Every race hath farther to go.

Say not, e'en at thy latest date,
Now I have nought but to rest and wait;
Something will take thee without the gate.

What if thine earthly task be o'er,
Still is another for thee in store,
Heavenward walking, and heavenly lore :

Graces to nurture ; snares to shun ;
Sins to get rid of, one by one :
This is a work which will ne'er be done.

Only one, when he bowed the head,
Where on the cross he for thee had bled,
Rightly then, ' It is finished,' said.

Well on thy bed of death for thee,
If then said it may rightly be,
'Christ hath finished my work for me.'

20. Trouble.

DO thy best to keep it far,
Trouble thou canst ne'er escape ;
If thou here its entrance bar,
There 'twill come in different shape.

If no serious trials vex thee,
Trifles will as much perplex thee ;
If no real ills thou hast,
Fancied will appear as vast.

Take then trouble for thy lot,
And familiar make its face;
Till its presence be forgot,
Standing in its household place.

21. Friendship's Wrongs.

IT needs not that thou should'st betray
Thy friend, to do him wrong;
The trusting heart will turn away,
For lesser cause, ere long;
Coldness, forgetfulness, or pride;
Rash speech, or slowness to confide;
Or silence when men scoff or chide.

Oh, Friend of friends, thy love excels
So far the love of earth,
That all, which human friend repels,
Drives thee not from the hearth;
Forgetful distance, hard proud ways;
Feelings untold, or cold set phrase;
With foes rash talk, or silence base.

22. Learning.

ALL life is learning; nor is lore confined
To what the school may give thee; on the breast

The infant learneth love ; and songs, addressed
To hush to sleep, have meaning for the mind
Couched in their music ; dealings, harsh and kind,
Tell early what life is ; creation round
Sendeth each day fresh knowledge, still combined
With mystery ; and, in each event expressed,
Is read a lesson ; joy, grief, action, rest,
Are life's successive teachers, and the sound
Of different language taught ; so are we trained
To learn without a book ; and fit the soul
To yield itself, in course which hath no goal,
To thoughts impressed by light, in light obtained.

23. Let there be Light.

SPEAK, Lord, and say, 'Let there be light ;'
Then, in this troubled breast,
Will rise sweet hopes, and prospects bright,
And clearness, bringing rest.

Thy spirit o'er this chaos broods ;
But formless still and void,
The better world my sight eludes,
And faith is nigh destroyed.

Speak, Lord, for, in thy voice alone
Is found the wondrous might
To make a new creation known,
And chase primeval night.

Stir, by thy word, the depths obscure,
Which this cold heart displays ;
And bring a structure, right and pure,
Welcomed by angels' praise.

Work thine own work within the soul ;
Nor e'er its course conclude,
Till thou in rest canst see the whole,
And say that all is good.

Change, Lord, creation's general ray,
For lights from heaven which shine ;
And eve and morn will give each day
An order all divine.

24. The Unconscious Guide.

THOU may'st, upon the crowded street,
A guide to Christ's communion meet,
E'en as there met the sent of yore
He, who the water-pitcher bore ;
And straightway to that upper chamber led,
Where Christ the Holy Feast partook, before he bled.

One thou may'st meet, mid common things,
Whose converse deepest wisdom brings ;
Who, e'en by common talk, to thee
God's guidance brings unconsciously ;

And leads thee to that upper room at last,
Where, close at Jesus' side, thou shar'st in heaven's repast.

25. Tribute.

THE Saviour paid his tribute ; how should I
The claim deny,
When he who paid was Lord of earth and sky ?

The children of the King might freedom crave ;
But this to waive
The Elder Brother well example gave.

Thou may'st not in the deep the money find ;
But willing mind
God will make able, when thou mak'st inclined.

Ne'er that 'tis Cæsar's unjust law pretend ;
Like thy best friend,
Pay what thou ow'st not, lest thou should'st offend.

26. Rules for Conduct.

IF I the rule could bear about in sight,
Which I beforehand form for duty's guide,
'Twould like a helm at once direct aright,
And stem, so soon as felt, temptation's tide ;
But memory shrinks away from passion's force ;
And nought the rule achieves, save late remorse.

Rule and resolve are useless both alike,
Unless their power be woke the time to suit ;
Something within the heart the note must strike,
Or memory to her best conned strain is mute ;
Saviour, thy death so print thou from thy book,
As gives each rule the force of love's last look.

27. Differences.

FALL not out upon the way ;
Short it is, and soon will end ;
Better far to fly the fray,
Than to lose the friend.

Christ hath sent you, two and two,
With a mandate to return :
Can ye meet the Master's view,
If with wrath ye burn ?

If thy brother seemeth slow,
Jeer not, but thy quickness slack ;
Rather than divided go,
Keep the wearier track.

Quit not, as for shorter line,
Ancient ways together trod ;
Joy to read at once the sign
Pointing on to God.

Teach each other, as ye walk,
How to sing the angels' song ;
Fill the time with homeward talk,
Then 'twill not be long.

Gently deal with those who roam,
Silent as to wanderings past ;
So, together at your home
All arrive at last.

28. Indolence.

FAIN would I say, and indolence excuse,
That, if I risk my talent, I may lose ;
Yet find my Lord
A doom record,
Which teacheth that to hide is to misuse.

Some future time for action I would trust,
Certain at once to lift my hoard from dust ;
Yet find it told,
The idle gold
Brings on the sluggard ruin joined to rust.

Careless I see the profit I might gain
Others, more active, from their Lord obtain ;
Yet worse behind
For sloth I find,
Darkness, and gnashing teeth, and tears which drop in vain.

29. Like, when seen.

LOVE, 'tis said, such power can gain,
By the eyes which speak the heart,
That who love, on either part,
Likeness, through the looks, attain.

Saviour, I would look on thee,
In thy virtue's loveliness,
Till the gaze, long kept, possess
Power to make in bent agree.

Yet so oft I quit thy side,
Oft thy presence so misuse,
Straight the likeness all I lose,
Lost the looks which had supplied.

Oh, to see thee as thou art,
'Midst a joy as yet unknown;
Then thy love, entirely shown,
All thy likeness will impart.

30. Conviction.

'THOU art the man,' the prophet said;
Then, to the Monarch's heart,
His censure of another sped
Conviction's keenest dart.

What moved his heart? The simple tale,
How, for oppression's need,
The lamb, which formed love's whole avail,
Was doomed in death to bleed.

O Lamb of God, none else than whom
E'en wealth divine possessed,
Only the tale, that tells thy doom,
Can touch this hardened breast.

Nought to convict of guilt prevails,
Till, by well-ordered plan,
The cross, in which my sins were nails,
Tells me, 'Thou art the man.'

31. Entanglement.

LORD, thou hast taken me, as in a net,
In which I groan, and struggle, writhe, and fret,
Nor yet, for all I strive, deliverance get.

O fool, to deem, that aught man's power achieves
Could break the bonds which God to bind him weaves;
The struggle only shames, and galls, and grieves.

A surer way to freedom, Lord, instil;
Teach me the strength which lies in being still;
The force which draws the same way with thy will.

Help me to lie in patience in the toils,
Shunning the rashness which augments the coils,
The rage which of the power to 'scape despoils.

Lord, give me grace silent to wait and pray,
Feeling the calm itself the bond allay,
And sure that Christ at length will pass that way.

Make me content and happy to be freed,
Not by my own, but by my Saviour's deed,
And, trusting grace, from grace find help proceed.

April.

1. Failure.

HATH thy pride been broken down,
By the failure of thy strength?
Think in this to gain at length
More than hadst thou won the crown.

For success had given thee fire,
In the contest so to mix,
That thou ne'er hadst come to fix
On thy rest with Christ desire.

Now thy hopes are thither driven,
Where 'tis not for proud success,
But for failure's humbleness,
God prepares the crown of heaven.

2. Not Peace but a Sword.

THINK not, though Christ be lodged within thy breast,
All will be peace and rest;

Christ came not that to earth he might afford
Peace, but to bring a sword;
And sharply must the sword divide thy sin,
And give thee strife within.

Thy Saviour is the Prince of Peace; but so
That peace through war must grow:
He makes with thee his peace, thence to impose
His service 'gainst his foes:
Not till thou conquerest, and in conquering diest,
Wilt thou have rest with Christ.

3. The Psalms.

POET of Israel, and in this ordained
The Psalmist of God's people, earth throughout,
Thou, by a varying course of faith and doubt,
Of joy and woe, wast for thine office trained:
All which the holiest saint hath e'er attained,
Of grace, and light, and peace, thou knew'st thine own;
Alas! not less hadst sin for which to groan,
Deep as hath e'er the lowliest suppliant stained.
Within thy breast was struck each several chord,
Strung on the heart renewed; the griefs that pained,
The gleams that cheered thee, all alike constrained
The rising notes to speak a dying Lord:
So hast thou left God's church, through all her throng,
For every feeling woke its own appropriate song.

4. Unknown Apostles.

SOME were amongst the apostles' band,
Whose names alone we read;
Nor trace their course, by sea or land,
Nor where they sowed the seed.

Only, by proof full sure, we know
They bore no traitor's blame;
They kept the faith, in weal and woe,
And spread the Saviour's name.

Thou may'st to Christ as much belong,
Albeit alike obscure;
Thy faith and love as John's be strong,
And more than Peter's sure.

Though nought of thee be told by fame,
Thou may'st high work essay;
And teach to throngs the Saviour's name,
Apostle in thy day.

5. The Troubling of the Waters.

I AM not healed by sorrow's smart;
The waters troubled,
By stroke redoubled,
Have made Bethesda in my heart;

But, Saviour, when thou scann'st the place,
Thou know'st how long and drear my case.

An angel brought the med'cine nigh,
From heaven descending,
To stanch offending;
But I am maimed, and helpless lie;
Sorrow in vain my heart hath stirred;
Oh, heal me, Saviour, by a word.

6. The Pharisees and Sadducees.

CHRIST had two several wrongs to bear;
Two sets of foes to flee;
The Pharisee drew nigh to snare,
To sneer, the Sadducee.

And still the Lord two classes sees
His gospel's spread oppose;
Professing hypocrites are these;
And sensual worldlings those.

Both to the temple take their way,
And join the Saviour's walk;
But chiefly still, that Christ they may
Entangle in his talk.

Both hear his gracious words of truth,
Then straight their grace pervert;

These a self-righteous pride to soothe,
And those a carnal heart.

Each to the other bears a grudge;
These harshly censure those;
And catch what words of Christ they judge
To silence put their foes.

Both the true Lord alike reject,
Alike from grace far off;
Though these a coming Christ expect,
And those Messiah scoff.

With both the Lord alike is wroth;
Both shall to shame be driven:
Lord, help me, while I mix with both,
To shun of each the leaven.

7. Doubts.

PAUSE not in duty; e'en to stop and think
If right thou'rt doing oft will make thee sink:
Doubts are the arts, by which the Tempter scares,
Barring safe way, by false report of snares.
Beforehand ponder what 'tis meet thou do;
Then let meek prayer with faith for force endue.
Once on the waters to thy Lord to walk,
'Tis only fear can of firm footing baulk;

Tread boldly, and the wave securely try ;
He who now doubts may afterwards deny,
And need, with strengthening hand, reproaching eye.

8. Dying in Darkness.

THE Saviour died in darkness ; thus he gave
A thought from sinking to despair to save,
When gloom surrounds the entrance to the grave.

The Saviour bowed his head ; and meekly went
To death, 'midst all its woes and pangs content,
To teach thee how to meet its worst event.

Thy Saviour felt forsaken, as he died ;
No marvel, if with such a fear be tried
The sinner, who with him is crucified.

Yet as a Son into his Father's hands,
The Saviour gave his spirit, 'midst his bands ;
Do thou the same, when run thy latest sands.

As he upon his cross, so, on thy bed,
Be thou, amidst the darkness, free from dread ;
And find 'Tis finished,' may at last be said.

The earthquake, deemed thy rock to undermine,
Serves but to rend the veil, which masks the shrine ;
And make the Holiest of Holies thine.

9. The Combination.

LOVE goes oft astray,
Losing, whilst it seeks, the way;
Power doth sometimes ill,
Wielding more of force than skill.

Therefore, with sound mind
Love and power must be combined:
Love will then go right;
Power be usefulness in might.

10. Misspent Time.

MY Lord a treasure gave, of long bright years,
And bade me spend it well: when he appears,
How shall I reckoning make, who day by day,
Have thrown in petty sums the whole away,
And dare not what I therewith bought display?

Moments were coins, of such a small amount,
One, idly spent, seemed nought in the account:
So one by one they went; the freshest ore
Expended first: the scant and rusted store
Death may break through and steal, next morn before.

Yet some few pieces, 'midst the rest comprised,
My memory hoards, stamped with the thoughts of Christ:
These, like love-tokens, ne'er I've lost from sight;
They must redeem all else; and him requite,
Whose grace a treasury's worth gives to a mite.

11. Faith's Snare.

WORLDLY joy may fail to tempt;
Want be meekly met;
Yet the saint be not exempt
From a saint's regret.
E'en in faith there lies a snare,
Needing wisdom to beware.

When in vain the tempter tried
Christ by hunger's throe,
Or a world, at once descried,
Proffered to bestow,
He, upon the temple's height,
Framed a lure for child of light.

E'en as though an angel pure,
From the Word he spake;
'To a son is safety sure;
Straight thine honours take:
Cast thyself with freedom hence;
Angels watch for thy defence.'

Saviour, if I e'er presume,
As on higher grace,
With thy quick response illume
Better course to trace :
Speak the precept, clear and broad,
'Tempt not thou the Lord thy God.'

12. Mental Gloom.

WHEREFORE, O desponding heart,
Think the cloud, that o'er thee low'rs,
Ne'er will from the sky depart?

Think how oft the sky was black,
Then there fell a few soft showers,
And the sunshine all came back.

God hath given the day its mark;
And the change of former hours
Shows 'twill not be always dark.

This will pass, before 'tis eve,
From the heart that 'neath it cowers,
Only softening ere it leave.

13. Faith, Hope, and Charity.

I SAW the Graces three,
Faith, Hope, and Charity,

Before the throne, on day of judgment, ranged ;
Faith in Christ's garment dressed ;
Hope in the feast-time vest ;
Love, with God's smile returned from cheek unchanged.

God's smile the whole illumed,
Yet oh, strange fate, consumed
Both Faith and Hope, like flame for martyrs made ;
Faith was by sight destroyed ;
Hope sank to death o'erjoyed ;
Love stored their ashes, and was home conveyed.

14. Forgetfulness.

EACH of my woes hath had a course to run,
And then was done ;
If not removed the ill,
The heart its load grew used to, and was still.

But that weak heart the lesson of the past
Aside hath cast ;
And each new grief it knows
Appears to bring the ache of endless throes.

Unwise, who thus forgett'st that this thy prime
Is mercy's time ;
Thy pain is not thy doom ;
'Tis to refine thee sent, not to consume.

Morning and evening still are earth's decree ;
There's light for thee ;
Give thy vexed heart repose ;
'Tis unbelief alone hath endless woes.

15. The Children of the Bride-chamber.

WHILST the marriage feast is gay,
'Tis not for the guests to fast ;
But the bridegroom hies away ;
And the gladness all is past.

Saviour, whilst I have thee near,
Joy 'tis mine to feel and show ;
When thou spread'st the bridal cheer,
All unmeet were sullen woe.

Yet will come a time at last,
Never failing to ensue,
When 'twill be my part to fast,
For the bridegroom lost from view.

Saviour, by thy grace prepare
Still to match my heart and fate ;
Gladly in the feast to share,
Meekly through the fast to wait.

16. The Travail of Creation.

THE whole creation groaneth until now,
And travaileth in pain ; expecting still

A birth delayed; in anguish from the ill,
Yet bearing up beneath it, with knit brow
Of courage, whilst of pain; looking for good,
To recompense it all; each meaner brood
Of living things with man hath sympathy,
In sense of pain, though not in hope of joy;
Winds howl, and earthquakes heave, and storms destroy;
And then the lull hath promise; nor are free
God's saints from general doom: within they keep
A burden, for whose pangs alone atones
The hope that waits redemption; and they reap
The Spirit's first-fruits in unuttered groans.

17. The Companion.

SAVIOUR, who ne'er art absent from my side,
How have I thee with slights and insults tried,
Churlish companion of my friend and guide!

I turn from looking tow'rds thee as I walk;
Mute I remain when thou wouldst with me talk;
And sullenly thy kind approaches balk.

I hear them 'gainst thee raise the roadside jeer;
Nor on thy part to check them interfere;
Alas! to join the scorners oft appear.

Full is my way of coldness and of pride ;
And still, with ready word, nor smile denied,
Saviour, I find thee ever at my side.

18. Fervour of Spirit.

IF thou wouldst be fitting servant
Of the Lord who thee hath bought,
Thou must show a spirit fervent
In the service wrought.

Duty is but half afforded,
Where the toil hath not the heart ;
Then for self and sin is hoarded
Much the better part.

Idly on the way to tarry,
Or to think how steep the road,
Fits not one ordained to carry
Up to heaven his load.

Thou may'st quell the force attractive,
Binding to thy native clod,
Only by a spirit active
In the flight to God.

19. Fulness of Heart.

IS there no room within this heart of mine,
Saviour, for thee?

Still will each nook with things that are not thine
All crowded be ;
Canst thou not there one poor far corner win,
Where all are welcome else, like common inn ?

Throngs of low thoughts, and some, though rich, too proud,
Keep thee without :
Some would receive thee, but are not allowed,
By others' doubt.
Still, O my Saviour, knock, and entrance urge ;
And gain thy rightful dwelling by thy scourge.

20. Patience.

MY God, thou bidd'st me not, in woe,
To strive at aim so high,
As callous to the pang to grow,
Or check the bursting cry.

He, of thy servants on this earth,
For patience most renowned,
Writhed, groaned, bewailed his day of birth,
And wallowed on the ground.

Sufficient to maintain his name,
That through his woes he passed,
With nothing charged on God of blame,
And sin confessed at last.

I cannot Jesus' patience gain;
But Job's I'd fain achieve;
Speak good of God, whilst uttering pain;
Own sin, and bliss retrieve.

21. The Crown kept.

'LET no man take thy crown:'
This be, O Christian soldier, in thy heart,
When, from the mount gone down,
Thou, in the fight below, maintain'st thy part.

Let no man, base at core,
In abject flight thee from thy duty lead;
Let no man step before,
To cause thee miss the foremost duty's meed.

22. The Narrow Way.

NARROW howsoe'er the path,
Round the beetling height that leads,
Safety all as much it hath,
As the same across the meads,
If thou dost but steadfast go,
Eye on point before thee throw,
Nor let fancy look below.

So, the narrow way to God,
Though its height repulsive seem,

May as easily be trod,
As the path by pleasure's stream;
Only steadfastly advance,
Fixed on furthest point thy glance,
Turned from earth thy countenance.

23. Wisdom from Above.

I CANNOT go to man advice to seek,
But straight he rates me for my bypast error;
I fear my folly openly to speak;
And Wisdom's voice for me hath tone of terror.
Not so, my God, when, rising as from rack,
I ask from thee the wisdom which I lack;
Thou, who might'st, more than man, rebuke each blot,
The wisdom givest, and upbraidest not.

Scant the supply from man of what I need:
His darkness makes not light, to mine united;
His counsel goes too short aright to lead;
Or, cramped by caution, leaves as much benighted.
In thee, O Saviour, is the ample store,
Which prompts, by liberal gift, to come for more:
Thyself thou gav'st, that, when we thee have got,
Faith may for wisdom ask, and waver not.

24. The Loss of the Loved.

WHICH wouldst thou lose,
Of all thy dear ones, now so bright around?
Lord, didst thou ask me this, my heart to sound,
I could not choose.

Some I may see,
More ripe for heaven, and thus more fit to go;
But, more they are thine own, alas! they grow
More dear to me.

Fain I would sue
The whole to keep, but know 'twere vain request;
Choose, Lord, thyself the offering; what is best
Most is thy due.

And still I pray,
Spare them awhile; justly, O Father, thou
Call'st them to home; yet, in thy grace, allow
Some further stay.

25. Following not with Us.

FORBID him not, whoe'er he be,
Who, by the force of truth, casts out,
From human bosom, vexing doubt,
Though him thou find not all agree
In doctrine, or in course, with thee.

One, not amid Christ's followers met,
Who cast out devils in his name,
Was shielded, by himself, from blame.
Think, who is not against him set,
Is for him, or will be so yet.

26. Going to Christ by Night.

SAVIOUR, I went to thee at first by night;
I walked like others in the world's broad light;
But mused, and wept, and prayed, when hid from sight.

Alas! not only man's contempt I feared;
I was too much the worldling I appeared,
With heart, alternately, dissolved and seared.

Thou might'st, O Saviour, justly have repelled
One who divided course so basely held;
But thine was love, which no strange trial quelled.

Thou bad'st me welcome, each return I made;
Taught'st the new birth, and gav'st the birth portrayed;
Then I to own thee was no more afraid.

27. The Prophets.

MORE than the sting experienced, when in vain
We speak to others in a foreign tongue,
The prophets bore, when words abroad they flung,
Of sense, which e'en the utterer saw not plain.

They knew 'twas God that moved, nor durst restrain
The rising gush ; but, in the darkened flow,
And what men deemed it, found a secret woe ;
And prophets' fire became a martyr's pain.
They suffered for their Lord before the time,
Knowing to us, not them, would dawn the day :
Oh blest, beyond their height at cloudy prime,
Who taste, on low green earth, the general ray ;
Blest, above prophet's place, though uninspired,
Who know, in clear sweet fact, the Lord desired.

28. Changing not.

HOW can I ever lack
Thoughts, which will bear me back
To that bright point, where first,
Saviour, I met thee ?
Each day hath gleams that burst,
In sight to set thee.

The sins, which formed my cloud,
Still in their gloom enshroud :
But, as thy word I read,
The light is breaking,
From which I found proceed
My first awaking.

The love, which peace conveyed,
Is all as sure displayed :

Or more it is descried
Of sweetness blending,
Because so sorely tried
By past offending.

Christ is the same to-day,
As in the earlier way:
I find him in each spot,
However ranging:
His Godhead changeth not,
For all my changing.

29. Prayer for Good Tidings.

PRAY for good tidings from the distant plain,
Although what makes in thought thy pulse beat fast
May now long since be past;
And sneering sceptic taunt thy suit as vain:
For God, long ere the time, foreknew thy prayer,
And gave it fruit to bear.

Say not 'tis over, and I need not pray;
To God all time is present; nought is past;
Thyself before him cast,
And all thou wouldst have said for loved one say;
God heard thy prayer, ere these the ill beheld;
And all perchance it quelled.

30. Many Mansions.

IN my Father's house above,
Many mansions be;
Surely, from that varied love,
There is one for me.

But the lowest room I ask,
With a hope, that so
Love will, after some sweet task,
Bid me higher go.

All enough to me is given,
If, how low soe'er
Prove my place, it be in heaven,
And my Saviour there.

Saviour, in thy promised grace,
Thou, though there most high,
Fail'st not to prepare a place,
E'en for such as I.

May.

1. Obstructions.

LORD, thou hast ordered, all along my path,
Obstructions, found my strength above ;
Yet, now I see, not all in wrath,
But most in love.

Still as I rose to wealth, or joy, or fame,
Something thou sent'st to bring me low ;
Turning content to fear or shame,
And bliss to woe.

Oh, foolish I, who rather strove to leap
The barriers set, than backward move ;
The forced return, which made me weep,
Now I approve.

Thou at the point where earth for hers had seized,
Though I the risk did not divine,
Gav'st the rough grasp, which then displeased,
And kept'st me thine.

2. Parting his Garments.

WE boast ourselves as not thy foes,
O Saviour, yet we act their crime ;
And give thee wounds, which bleed like those
Borne on the cross in former time ;
Or wounds which had been healed unclose.

We part thy garments, making gain,
Whilst we thy holy body rob ;
And, whilst our thorns thy vestments stain,
We strip thee, 'midst a jeering mob,
And leave thee naked to remain.

And for thy seamless coat we play,
Like men with lots, in corrupt game ;
And he who wins hath Christ's array :
Or, for a cause of sorer blame,
We tear it in a reckless fray.

3. The Speedy Cure.

WHEN, in Peter's house, of old,
Christ the fever gave rebuke,
Up the healed one rose, 'tis told,
Soon as ere his hand she took ;
And, her strength at once restored,
Tended at the humble board.

Emblem this, O Saviour, meet,
Of the cure thou giv'st the soul,
Needing not, to make complete,
Languor's rest, or time's control.
Up at once the healed one springs,
And to thee his service brings.

4. Christ taken away.

I KNOW my Lord for me hath died,
And washed my sins away;
For I have stood his cross beside,
And heard him mercy pray.

But foes have come within my heart,
And Christ away conveyed;
I search around in every part,
Nor find where he is laid.

And still I keep beside his grave,
Though empty it appears;
Perchance my Lord is near to save,
Although unseen for tears.

Speak to me, Master, as thine own,
And call me by my name;
I'll know thee as thou once wast known,
The risen, and the same.

5. Claims.

THY goodness, Lord, so cometh, day by day,
And never fails, that we, in our cold way,
Rather as claims than gifts thy bounties set,
And injured feel to lose; still we forget
That all from thee is grace, and nothing debt.

We charge thee with injustice, when thou tak'st
Thine own away; and feel, when poor thou mak'st,
As if thou robb'dst us; teach us, Lord, to see
Thy bounties loans; at once returned to be,
When thou demand'st, with praise for usury.

6. Steadfastly going to Jerusalem.

CHRIST, when his time to die
Arrived, was prompt to hie
To bitterest cup.
As 'twere to diadem,
Christ to Jerusalem
Steadfast went up.

So, in the servant's place,
Set steadfastly thy face,
Thy lot to meet:
Thy destined work, or woe,
Shun not, till thou canst show
The whole complete.

Not merely death in store ;
Christ too in prospect bore
The third day's light.
Think that, in self-same guise,
Thou, too, to light wilt rise,
After thy night.

7. Prisoners of Hope.

THE Christian's stronghold is a tower,
Which hems him closely in ;
And, by its walls, defeats the power
Of near assailing sin.
Within the circle which restrains,
As 'twere in prison he remains,
And bears submissive thoughts for chains.

He cannot from the fence withdraw,
Nor fail to meet a snare ;
And love is in the sovereign law,
Which keeps him prisoner there.
The freedom of the fields around
Were only death on hostile ground ;
And 'tis his safety to be bound.

But thought hath unforbidden vent
On time of ampler scope ;
And he as prisoner is content ;
For prisoner 'tis of hope :

Full sure an after morn to see,
When bars will fall, and foes will flee,
And he be safe when he is free.

8. Faith, not Sight.

BLEST he who hath not seen, and yet believes;
So saidst thou, Saviour, and this low-toned heart
Therein a truth of wondrous scope perceives,
And trains its beatings to a higher part.
Pent within narrow bounds, and scanty chart,
The course which sight conducts; those only gain
The golden stores beyond the outstretched main,
Who leave the shore, and, heaven regarding, start
For point unseen, yet sure; to sight pertain
Feelings of earthward bent, and transient date;
To faith the thoughts which make men's actions great,
Trust, hope, and patience, quelling sloth and pain.
Man must not rest 'midst joys that taint and wither;
Sight is for heaven; faith to conduct him thither.

9. The Word Compared.

THY word, O God, more precious is than gold,
Of finest grain, and royal stamp impressed;
Treasures it hoardeth, of amount untold;
And maketh rich, for years of endless rest.

Thy word, O God, is sweeter than the comb,
Whose honeyed stores from numerous cells exude :
Gladness it bringeth unto childhood's home,
And yieldeth relish unto angels' food.

10. Self-Examination.

LORD, when, according to thy book,
In earnest on my sins I look,
I err by dwelling long on these,
Nor hasting from my self-rebuke,
To seek the grace which brings me ease.

I ponder all my vileness o'er,
And rub, whilst I inspect, the sore,
Only to make me dull and sad ;
When I should seek the open store,
Where balm without a price is had.

Sin must be seen to draw to Christ ;
Yet might a glance have well sufficed ;
And still I stand my sin to spy ;
My bleeding Saviour's cross despised,
Vainly myself I crucify.

11. Petty Duties.

SCORN not, on little things,
Duty to spend :

Hence 'tis that virtue springs,
Great in the end.

Seek, through thy petty cares,
Vigour to form ;
Which for the strife prepares,
Props in the storm.

Win, from slight sins eschewed,
Pureness of part :
Win, from slight toils renewed,
Firmness of heart.

Still thy least act to God
Homage repeat ;
So, when heaven's court is trod,
Yield it complete.

12. Prayer's Model.

IN time of prayer, we may for grace be bold,
Yet humble too ;
Ashamed of follies and relapses told,
Yet prompt, for Jesus' sake, a cure to sue.

We hold a model in the prayer which sought
But for a crumb ;
Yet for the crumb importunately wrought,
Nor ceased to plead, till all it would had come.

Thou art not alien from the stock like her;
Or, if thou wast,
Thou may'st as well thy Lord's compassion stir,
And find bestowed the children's bread at last.

Her faith was humble, yet 'twas bold withal,
And grace achieved;
She heard from Christ sweet words of comfort fall,
For boon to love which bent, and yet believed.

13. Christian Stature.

MY Saviour's love as more I scan,
And more enjoy the gift of peace,
My stature tow'rds the perfect man
Should day by day increase.

But, ah! so scant and poor my growth,
That, like Zaccheus' plight of old,
Oft, when to see him nothing loth,
I cannot Christ behold.

I cannot see him for the press
Of cares and follies on the way;
Only I strive, in my distress,
To do the best I may.

I strive to climb into a tree,
'Mid fruits that shine, and songs that swell;
Then Christ looks up, and saith to me,
I at thy house will dwell.

14. Clear as the Noonday.

THINK not the time is long,
For which thy conscious merits are obscured,
And lack of praise, with sense of right, endured;
And, through the blindness of the general throng,
Thou sufferest wrong.

Hold on thy steadfast way,
And trust thy God; nor look the while, askance,
On others, higher prized, with envious glance;
Thy God will all thou art at length display,
Like noon of day.

15. What is Truth?

WHAT is truth? The Roman's question
Was not meant to bring reply:
'Twas the scoffer's cold suggestion,
'Truth is not beneath the sky:'
So he turned from him away,
In whose breast, like light in day,
Answer to the question lay.

What is truth? We oft, with Pilate,
Ask in spirit light and vain:
Not to reverence, but revile it,
Answer seek at times to gain:

Out we go, in careless mood,
Jesting on the pure and good,
Who, like Jesus, wounded stood.

What is truth? O bleeding Saviour,
Humbly I would ask of thee;
With the captive's meek behaviour,
Asking how he may be free:
Teach me, as thou patient go'st
Up to Calvary, and show'st
In the cross the truth disclosed.

16. The Daily Round.

WHO the daily course begin,
Daily wants, and daily sin,
Daily grace must also win.

If the round be still the same,
In its weakness, woe, and blame,
So on mercy is the claim.

He, who starts on weary way,
Takes companion, if he may;
Christ be thine, for all the day.

Only by a round of prayer,
Parallel with that of care,
Canst thou safe till evening fare.

17. God's Promises.

I HEAR thee not, my God, declare,
In words that meet mine ear,
The hopes and promises which bear
Courage and comfort here.

But clear as words could prove, and sure,
Strong with the strength of act,
Thy mercies past in sight endure,
And pledge to faith the fact.

Each bounty, added to my store,
And felt as present bliss,
Was felt, as much, the seed of more,
In grace which gave me this.

Each past deliverance from my chain
To present thrall responds ;
And comes, like promise, back again,
Lighter to make my bonds.

18. A Troublous Thought.

COULD I withdraw
One thought from view,
Felt as 'twould gnaw
My bosom through,
Peace would ensue.

But, with fang fast held,
All force it spurns ;
And though oft repelled,
It as oft returns,
And gnaws and burns.

E'en prayer is vain
To relieve my care ;
For it breaks the strain
Of the closest prayer,
With its trail left there.

Saviour, who bruisest the serpent's head,
Crush this thought, by the Tempter bred.

19. Health and Sickness.

IN time of health, aid me, my God, to give
To thee the strength and freshness of the time :
And so a daily sacrifice to live,
Like spotless victim, offered in its prime.

In time of sickness, aid me, in my need,
Though bound, thy willing sacrifice to lie,
To thee to give each pang, to thee to bleed,
And, by thy flame consumed, to thee to die.

20. The Aim missed.

WHY maintain a brow of sorrow,
For that in thine aim to-day
Thou didst miss?
Rather ponder, how to-morrow
Thou may'st better skill display,
Than in this.

Thankful be for all that checks thee,
Where success from heaven withdraws,
Far to live:
Then the honour which bedecks thee
Thou to God, perceived to cause,
Back wilt give.

21. Faith's Humility.

LORD, I am not meet that thou
Come beneath my roof;
But thy mercy needs not now
This to give for proof.
Speak only, Lord, from thy far heaven the word;
Straightway will all be healed, which hath so sore occurred.

Large howe'er of ills the band,
All thy servants be;

These, whene'er thou giv'st command,
Come at once, or flee :
Speak, Lord, the word ; and, through its clear-seen power,
Show how the faith which prayed was helped the self-same hour.

22. The Apostle's Shadow.

IF thou be, in thine heart
And life, apostle shown,
Making, by holy part,
To men the gospel known,
It needs not word or work of might,
To give to lost ones life and light ;
E'en as thou speed'st on faithful way,
The sight to turn to Christ may sway.

Of old the sick were laid
Where the apostle passed ;
And found a cure conveyed
As he his shadow cast :
And thou, as on in right thou go'st,
May'st find that thou an influence throw'st,
Not more than this perceptible,
Yet working equal miracle.

23. Going away grieved.

IT boots not, Saviour, that we grieve,
When thee we leave:
For whoso wends from thee away
May miss return on after day,
Weep he as sorely as he may.

We may have kept from youth the law,
Yet bear a flaw:
'Tis of Christ's wisdom this to see;
And 'tis his love which saith to thee,
'Sell all thou hast, and follow me.'

We quit the Saviour with a throe,
And still we go;
Possessions, which we reckon great,
In riches, or repute, or state,
Drive us from Christ, until too late.

Man, thou may'st spend thine all of joy,
Yet well employ:
Grieve, if thou wilt, for lessened store;
But yield, at Christ's command, thine ore;
In heaven thou'lt win it back, and more.

24. Not this Man but Barabbas.

'NOT this man, but Barabbas;' so the cry
Loudly arose, which left the Saviour bound,

And freed the robber; shrink'st thou from the sound,
O Christian? Ah! full oft, when Christ is nigh,
Thou, in thy heart, though nought thy tongue untie,
Say'st all the same; thou keep'st thy Lord restrained
E'en from good deeds; whilst all the time, unchained,
Ill feeling roams at large, robbing thy peace,
And killing grace within; or doubts and fears,
Like scared apostles, with unfruitful tears,
Run from their fettered Lord, and make to cease
The blest communion with him, else maintained
On to the cross; O Christian, thus to thee
Christ bound becomes, because Barabbas free.

25. Unworthiness in Self.

CHRIST declared himself the Saviour,
Ne'er so plainly as to her,
Whose, by him, well-known behaviour
Little might such grace infer:
All unworthy though thou be,
Christ may do the same to thee.

E'en as to Samaria's daughter,
Doomed by a rejected law,
Christ may give thee living water,
That no more thou need'st to draw;
Thee, from love and duty's task,
Him to give to drink may ask.

All her former sins he told her;
Yet her Saviour proved no less;
Well the thought may make thee bolder
Christ to claim, and to possess;
Yea, by proof which thou supply'st,
Others too to bring to Christ.

26. Prayer's Continuance.

WHAT thou by prayer hast gained,
Must be by prayer maintained,
Else thou wilt lose it:
What thou through prayer may'st hold,
Must be by prayer controlled,
Rightly to use it.

Prayer is the feeble hand,
Stretched at thy Lord's command,
Thence strong for gaining:
Prayer is the fainting heart,
Made, by the better part,
Firm for retaining.

27. The Double Need.

TOILING through a weary day,
'Would to God 'twere eve,' we say:
Tossing through a weary night,
'Would to God were come the light.'

Ne'er can we obtain, complete,
Solace for the suffering meet;
Light to toilsome duty calls;
Night in tedious darkness falls.

Still must morn to eve succeed,
Bringing each its several need;
Morning with its cares put on;
Evening with the sunshine gone.

Weariness hath no resource,
Save its own alternate course:
When, oh, when, will be possessed,
All at once, both light and rest?

28. Holy Ground.

'TIS not the temple's shrine
Which holy makes the place;
Where'er God is, is power divine,
Where'er God helps, is grace.

The bush on Horeb's peak,
Burning, and unconsumed,
The prophet bent to reverence meek,
For God the spot illumed.

The sword at night beheld,
By Jordan's swelling bed,

The captain of the host compelled
To own the Lord who led.

Think of thy God as near;
And, once his presence found,
Be sure, whate'er around appear,
Thou tread'st on holy ground.

Put off, O man, thy shoes,
With which thou earth hast trod;
Thee from earth's dust and toil unloose,
And worship pay thy God.

So shalt thou find a light,
To burn, and still endure;
A leader of all-conquering might,
To make thy Canaan sure.

29. The Unjust Steward.

LORD, we are unjust stewards of thy grace;
For, whilst ourselves abuse thy store,
We, to conceal our debt the more,
Less than to thee they owe 'gainst others place.

Thy grace is manifold, like large supplies
Of wheat and oil, and all a debt:
And still thy claim at less we set,
Only for earth's short generation wise.

Cause, Lord, the wisdom of the light prevail,
With us, beyond this world's poor shifts;
So let us friends make of thy gifts,
As gain sure refuge, when all earth's shall fail.

30. A Lesson from the Ant.

THE crowd, that hurries through our streets,
Appears like tribe of bustling ants;
Alas! it apes the insect's feats;
Its wisdom wants.

Like is the littleness of both;
But ants collect a useful grain;
Poor man but gathers foam and froth,
And hoards in vain.

The ant obeys her Maker's laws;
Herein her source of wisdom lies;
So yield, when God within thee draws,
And be as wise.

31. The Last Enemy.

WELL if, on the battle-plain,
But one other foe remain,
All the others bravely slain.

If the rest, throughout the fight,
All have sunk beneath thy might,
Well the last the dust may bite.

Shrink not, Christian heart, although
Thou, when slain each other foe,
Must of death await the blow.

Bravely, Christian soldier, wield
'Gainst thy sins the sword and shield;
Sin o'ermastered, death must yield.

Bring successive to the dust
Pride and malice, wrath and lust:
Then o'er death to triumph trust.

Death shall be last foe to fall,
Yet shall be entombed like all,
With eternity for pall.

June.

1. A Thought on Heaven.

METHOUGHT I stood in heaven, and saw around
The ransomed hosts; then thought to hear the sound
Of loudest praise, from myriad lips directed
Towards the throne; yet not as I expected
Strangely it was; but silence most profound
Reigned, as with men in deep reflection drowned.

I cried, Hath ought astonished or distressed,
In heaven itself, the bosoms of the blest?
Not so, 'twas whispered; these have harp and song,
Earth's feelings in earth's utterance to prolong:
But heav'n's own highest praise thou see'st addressed,
By thoughts, too large for finite speech, expressed.

2. Preventive Grace.

NOT to retrieve the ill,
Lord, thou alone art bent;
As much it is thy will
The evil to prevent.

I muse on former days,
When woe or shame was nigh;
And thou so turn'dst my ways,
I passed them safely by.

Oft, in a thoughtless prime,
I touched transgression's brink;
When thou postpon'dst the time,
And gav'st me space to shrink.

When sinful thoughts had brought
Full near to sinful act,
I found not what I sought;
Pure, because unattacked.

I see how far my course
From right and bliss had closed,
Save for thy wholesome force,
Like friendly arm imposed.

Not only, Lord, I praise
The grace which onward bore:
As high the grace I raise,
Which placed its check before.

3. His Mother and his Brethren.

HIS mother and his brethren stood without,
And sought to speak with him; so of the Lord
'Twas writ of old: and oft with Christ accord
His own in this; circled they are about

With Christian throng, and of the throng are part;
Whilst those most near and dear as strangers stand
Without the pale; and by love's old command,
Or kindly voice, or through shame's tingling smart,
Would draw them thence; O Christian, nerve thine heart
For this worst strait; nor doubt thy God will bless
Thy firmness for the truth; gentle yet bold,
Await a better end: perchance, not less
Than Christ, thou may'st beside the cross behold
Thy mother weep, and know thy brethren in Christ's fold.

4. Grieve not, resist not, quench not.

HOLY Spirit, who to me
Whisperest counsel like a friend's,
Grant that I, when taught by thee,
Grieve thee not by what offends.

Holy Spirit, who for me
Barr'st the path which devious bends,
Grant that I, when drawn by thee,
Ne'er resist thee in thine ends.

Holy Spirit, who in me
Keep'st a spark when conscience rends,
Grant, oh grant, I never thee
Quench, and perish, past amends.

5. Prayer Denied.

I PRAYED, and grace my heart inspired
With trust so clear and strong,
As ne'er to doubt the boon desired
Would soon to faith belong.

Not as I sought my God bestowed:
But grace my heart impelled,
To deem that, though in different mode,
The act a blessing held.

So prayer became not faint or cold,
But gained a healthier tone;
And, whilst the creature's will it told,
Asked God to work his own.

Most surely now, whate'er betide,
Will faith her aim possess;
God's will performed, though mine denied,
Gives to the prayer success.

6. Hardness of Heart.

I BEAR a fountain in my breast,
Gushing to genial flow,
At noble thought or aim expressed,
Or melting tale of woe.

But, O my Saviour, when I scan
Thy course of wondrous love to man,
I find it motionless and still,
And stagnant as with winter's chill.

Why, in my heart, a glow so sweet,
For deeds that ne'er concern ;
And never there one quickened beat,
Thy throes for me to learn ?
When e'en thy martyrs' pangs engage
My thoughts, I stain with tears the page ;
Yet coldly lay the Book aside,
Which tells how thou wast crucified.

7. The Sufficient Fact.

SAVIOUR, thou gav'st to me my sight,
When e'en from birth I had been blind,
Though nought peculiar was the plight,
But shared as much by all my kind.

Thou mett'st me on a Sabbath hour,
And, by the word I then received,
Thou sent'st me to a fount of power :
I saw as soon as I believed.

Straightway the Pharisees attacked
Mine altered state, with questioning sneer ;
I could but answer by the fact,
Although the mode I could not clear.

Fully, perchance, may ne'er be told,
How such a miracle might be;
And still by that blest fact I hold,
'Once I was blind, and now I see.'

8. Made Perfectly Whole.

I CANNOT rest, my God, content
With this slow Christian pace;
This ceaseless lapse to native bent,
This halting in the race;
By turns, this pride for duty meant,
For duty missed, disgrace.

Fain would I every whit be whole
Of sin's so sharp disease;
And feel perfection in my soul
Advancing by degrees:
I would be struggling near the goal,
Not resting on my knees.

O Saviour! only from thy touch,
Cure, as of old, we meet;
On earth to be beside thee much
Is healing, kind and sweet;
And heaven's nearness will be such
As all will make complete.

9. The Law.

LORD, I would love thy law, as much as those
Thy servants did of old, ere yet had shone
The light of gospel freedom; I would own
Thy wisdom, still its precepts to impose:
For e'en when heart with sense most grateful glows
Of pardoning grace, it lacks the skill to find
The path to heaven, though to the path inclined;
Nor how aright grace to acknowledge knows.
Love, with self-guidance, soon a-wandering goes,
And needs direction back; th' awakened mind
Walks at the first unstaidly; eyes once blind
See not the objects true, as they unclose.
The gospel stirs the willing feet tow'rds God;
The law is read to know the way that should be trod.

10. Duty Begun.

I HAVE not here an angel's wing,
At once to spread, and up to spring,
When God to duty sends;
Then, all the course throughout, to sing,
With strength that never bends.

My first of steps, in duty's way,
Is faint and slow, and prompt to stay
Its speed, for slightest cause ;
Like him, who fears in mist to stray,
Till noon the gloom withdraws.

Only the grace, which gives to time
Sweet influence o'er the cloud at prime,
At last makes duty light ;
Yet leaves a sigh, which hath no crime,
For seraph's instant flight.

11. The Master in Heaven.

MY Master many a time approacheth,
With smiles upon his face ;
But e'en the gladness he awakes
Produceth oft in love mistakes ;
Presumption on his grace encroacheth,
And zeal forgets its place.

At times I see my Master frowning,
When no one else is by ;
And then the dread of doom severe
Drives me from work to sullen fear ;
Like one who cannot 'scape from drowning,
I passive sink to die.

Oh for a joy, which ne'er misleadeth;
A love, which no repelling needeth;
A fear, which finds in duty flight;
An angel's reverence, grave and bright.

12. Trifling Thoughts.

MY heart is like a garden, kept untilled,
Where useless plants disperse spontaneous seeds;
With trifling thoughts its every nook is filled,
Which, if not noxious, still are nought but weeds;
I look, with shame, upon the time run through,
With nought of fruit to show, or well-trained grace in view.

Fain would I find each moment of my day
Marked by reflection deep, or lofty aim;
But, save through stern control, still slips away
The mind to trifles, varied, or the same.
Oh for lost Eden, once by mortals trod,
Tended by willing love, to form the walk of God!

13. A Broken Branch.

LORD, if thou my progress stopp'st
In this too much loved pursuit,
Let me deem a branch thou lopp'st,
Found to fail in bearing fruit.

Though 'twas but a worldly craft,
Yet, if vows were not a mock,
This too should have proved a graft,
Growing on a Christian stock.

Ah! too much it served to steal
Powers for nobler ends bestowed;
Pride it stirred amid its weal;
Fretfulness beneath its load.

Duty's self had vigour lent,
But by hopes of earth's success;
Time afar from heaven was spent,
Life was filled with worldliness.

Thou, O Husbandman, who blend'st
Care the plant to train with skill,
Sharply cutt'st, yet nought intend'st,
Save to prune what else would kill.

Lord, the branches which remain
Cause such purging to betide,
As, from these, the fruit to gain,
All by that thou break'st denied.

14. Unseen Sins.

OFT when I mean no harm,
Much harm I yet effect;

I smite with random arm ;
  I wound with lips unchecked ;
And, aiming mine own good to gain,
I leave my brother loss or pain.

So, when I count, at eve,
  The day's transgressions o'er,
Some I did not perceive
  I feel should swell the score ;
And not alone for sins in view,
But sins unseen, forgiveness sue.

Not till the judgment show
  The sins now hid from sight,
And cause for wrong to know
  Much which I deemed was right,
Shall fully to my view be brought
The anguish which my pardon bought.

15. The Candle of the Lord.

BRIGHTLY thy candle, Lord, in days of yore,
  Burned in my heart, and gave me to explore
Large tracts of bounty ; dimly now within
I feel it glimmer ; nor a view can win
Of aught beyond the darkness of my sin.

'Oh that it were with me as in the past,'
Wailing I cry ; and tow'rds the future cast

Looks of despair: but thou, my heart to right,
Say'st, 'This is but provision for the night;
When thou shalt wake at morn all will be light.'

16. Seeking a Sign.

THEY seek a sign, the Word without;
And when they fail to win,
They think they hold permitted doubt,
And live in licensed sin:
But Christ must be within enshrined;
And 'tis corruption of the mind,
Which makes this generation blind.

No sign is given, except what gave
The prophet, who remained,
Three days and nights, in living grave,
Then living earth regained.
Ah! better taught their sin to stem,
The men of Nineveh with them
Will rise to judgment, and condemn.

Seek not a sign, from thee apart,
In earth or heaven to see:
The living Word within thy heart
Enough be sign for thee:
For whoso vieweth, as he reads,
A Saviour, meet for all his needs,
Hath sureness it from God proceeds.

17. Hatred of Sin.

I HATE my sin, and hate myself for sinning,
And still the hated sin I find renewed:
Each aim at good is but a faint beginning;
Each finished act with former ill imbued:
Lord, shall I ne'er what I detest remove;
Or e'er, approved by thee, myself approve?

Still must the right with me be but desiring,
And nought except a passing shadow catch?
Still must I ne'er advance beyond admiring,
And only weep the likeness not to match?
When wilt thou, Lord, thine image so restore,
That hate of sin be hate of self no more?

18. Unconverted Relatives.

THINK not, when, in loved and prized,
Sense of sin is paralysed,
So that ne'er they sue for grace,
Think not 'tis a desperate case.

Ye that love them, join to bear
These to Christ, by zealous prayer,
Like the paralysed of yore,
To the Saviour borne of four.

Each may lend the bier his heart,
Though a thousand miles apart;
And the prayers combined be strong
Christ to win, despite the throng.

Faith, by union made so great,
Finds a rich reward await;
One by Jesus taught to go,
Heart renewed at home to show.

19. The Gospel Seed.

THOU sow'st, O God, the seed; and all is found
The same, all good; diff'rent alone the ground:
In some it springs not; feels in some the stroke
Of drought; in others, thorns and briers choke.

Lord, that both seed and soil be good we need;
And both from thee, O Husbandman, proceed:
Thyself, for thine own work, this heart prepare:
Then sow the seed, an hundredfold to bear.

20. Self-Knowledge.

I THOUGHT myself I knew, because I saw
Myself so vile: and marked so many a flaw;
Alas! I find that these but served to hide
Faults that lay deeper, since in turns descried;
And my self-knowledge was itself but pride.

Only, my Saviour, when thy love I view,
I see, as in pure stream, mine image true ;
So sinful, that thy death alone could free ;
So meet to climb, that nought too high may be ;
Myself most mean, but strong, rich, great, in thee.

21. The Measure of the Cure.

OH, do not unto me, my Saviour, speak,
As once thou saidst, before a cure was won,
'According to thy faith to thee be done :'
Alas ! my faith is all too weak,
Thy help, by such a rule, to seek.

Not as my faith, which is so faint and slow,
Lord, be thy gift, or else the boon were small ;
Or nought at times from thee received at all :
According to thy love bestow ;
Nought can above that measure go.

22. The End.

IT matters not where life be passed,
If, at the last,
The anchor on heaven's shore be cast.

Whether we dwell in joys or aches,
No difference makes,
If one or other upwards takes.

How long or short the earthly lot,
Importeth not,
If through the fight the crown be got.

Then through all weather cheerly wend,
Content to mend
All troublous course by happy end.

23. Intercession.

IN thy saddening cheek,
In thy bursting sigh,
Well I could descry,
That thou felt'st thee weak ;
Held in snare thou fain wouldst break,
Yet wast loth to brave the ache.

Then for thee I prayed,
In thought's secret nook ;
Till thine altered look
Prayer's reply conveyed ;
And thy holy smile to me
Told at once that thou wast free.

24. The Mite into the Treasury.

BLUSH not, that the gift is small,
Which thou in the treasury throw'st :
If it be thine all,
Greater cannot be opposed.

She of old all wealth had lost,
Lost all heart, and all delight ;
Yet there lay some cost
In a last remaining mite.

Christ beside the treasury sits ;
Fear not then to seek the place :
Ne'er thy Lord omits
Welcome to the pettiest grace.

Rightly from abundant store
Gold and gems for God are rife ;
Yet the mite is more,
When it holdeth all the life.

25. The Heavenly Birth.

WHAT is this life, with its brief time of pain,
To those a blest eternity who gain ?
'Tis as the hour of travail, brief but sore,
Which ushers in the life for evermore.

If needful that the hour of travail know,
(Fruits of the curse) full many a pang and throe,
How can we hope heaven's birthtime e'er may be,
Amidst sin's pains, from grief and suffering free ?

'Twill soon be o'er;' in nature's hour of fear,
We oft, with these brief words, the sufferer cheer;
To suffering saints, like words we may employ,
And turn from present pangs to coming joy.

God's angels, who stand by, the end to wait,
When all is closed, earth's joy will emulate;
And the same lips, which hailed Christ's natal morn,
Aloud will cry, 'The child of God is born.'

26. The Entry to Jerusalem.

THROW wide the gate, my heart, and give thy Lord
A welcome meet;
Take all thy palms, thine homage to afford,
Laid at his feet:
Forth every wish and thought
To meet the Christ be brought;
And song, of highest note, his glad arrival greet.

He cometh, meek and lowly, as of old
In prophet's view;
Haste to his path; and all in him foretold,
Thou'lt find as true:
With love of childlike glow,
On Christ attendant go;
And childhood's hymns the faith of childhood's time renew.

Thy Saviour on the height above had wept,
Viewing thy sin :
Yet onward still his faithful journey kept,
Thy peace to win :
Now, with salvation nigh,
To share his triumph hie ;
And up to Zion's dome thy course with Christ begin.

Hosanna ! blest be he, who comes to save,
In God's great name :
All things on earth, e'en stones which mark the grave,
Give loud acclaim.
Lord, in this heart of mine
Enter, as God's own shrine,
From which thy holy scourge all base defilements drave.

27. Preparation.

THINK it not long, that, for the prize in view,
Thou spend'st of years a dull and dreary round,
Nor seem'st to gain advance ; only is crowned
He who not only worked, but waited too.
E'en thy blest Lord, who could at once subdue
All hindrances, to yield example meet,
Saw o'er his head long years obscurely fleet,
Nor gave one murmur ; rather therein found
Might for the future task ; achievement grew,
Where none the growth perceived : the path pursue

Given thee, as did thy Lord; by patience knit
Thy nerves for work in prospect; hoard thy strength,
That promptly thou may'st strike thy blow at length;
So, both for cross and crown, present thee fit.

28. The Light of God's Countenance.

LORD, when from thee afar,
We grow so dark,
As fail to mark
The sins that foulest are.

Fain would I see thy face,
That, in its light,
My quickened sight
May all my vileness trace.

A beam from thee is thrown,
Which, like the day,
Drives fear away,
Yet makes the danger known.

Give me, my God, thy smile,
Which stings the heart,
For thankless part,
Yet gladdens all the while.

29. The Near Refuge.

OFT when I think thee, Saviour, far away,
And feel dismay,
Thou in the ship art with me, on the deep,
And liest asleep;
Or rather seem'st to sleep; for all my throes
Thou notest, 'mid the Godhead's great repose.

I only need to cry, and thou awak'st,
And pity tak'st;
Thou speak'st; and brief sweet words at once assuage
The tempest's rage:
O Saviour, only after all is still,
Thy chiding comes, to faith which stood so ill.

30. Uncertainty.

LORD, thou keep'st a royal state;
Whoso pardon sues for crime
Must without the presence wait,
Till arrives thy gracious time;
Patient wait, nor fretful be,
Not admitted instantly.

Here are many, who declare
How thy grace is rich and free;
Yet I ill delay can bear,
Lest the boon excepteth me;

Clear I see what justice seeks ;
All unknown if mercy speaks.

Lord, when fear grows wild and sore,
Gazing on the unopened door,
Straight comes forth thy gentle Son ;
Then I know my pardon won.

July.

1. Conscience.

'TIS not the whirlwind, o'er our fair fields sweeping,
That speaks God's present wrath:
This is but nature's course, for all men keeping
One indiscriminate path.

Nor yet the earthquake, firm foundations shaking
Of houses long since built:
This is but fortune's chance, its havoc making
Without affixing guilt.

Nor yet the fire, whate'er is near confounding
In blind remorseless flame:
This is but man's fierce ire, which all surrounding
Treats, good or bad, the same.

It is the still small voice, within which speaketh,
When guilt's fierce gust is done,
That tells the doom God's righteous anger wreaketh,
Yet tells, that we may shun.

O gentle Lord, who like a friend reprovest,
Tender not less than true;
Thou our hard hearts by whispered warnings movest,
Their erring ways to rue.

Thou, whose pure eye like lightning might consume him,
On man with pity look'st;
Thou who to fire, storm, earthquake, well might'st doom him,
With still small voice rebuk'st.

2. Duty in Prospect.

I WOKE to duty, feeling clear and light,
Like one prepared for fight;
In words I thanked my God for strength so fresh,
Yet placed my trust in flesh;
When came the time I failed; with shame I burned;
Till lightened heart with humbled mind returned.

Another morn I woke, so weak and dark,
I scarce could see the mark;
I asked my God for strength; yet more for will,
To bear th' expected ill:
Far better than my wont was duty done;
So learned I how both pride and fear to shun.

3. The Double Blessing.

BEYOND desert, below desire,
Hath been my fortune's speed;
Too much for all my work my hire,
Too little for my greed;
My blessings meet my praise to fire,
But not my pride to feed.

Thou, Lord, in mingled store and dearth,
Hast double portion given;
Thou keep'st me happy at the hearth,
Yet on to journey driven;
Bestow'st enough of joy on earth,
Yet wak'st desire of heaven.

4. Help my Unbelief.

LORD, I trust the grace to win,
Free to e'en of sinners chief:
Yet, with each return of sin,
Faith I find to fail begin:
Help, Lord, my unbelief.

Still, in time of dreaded woe,
From thy hand I hope relief;
Yet, when help is scant or slow,
Faith I feel to sink full low:
Help, Lord, my unbelief.

Death I view as darkened track,
Which thou easy mak'st and brief;
Yet, when near appears the rack,
Faith I find to shudder back;
Help, Lord, my unbelief.

Ne'er, my God, could faith retrieve,
Save through thee, this cumbering grief:
But, 'mid all the sighs I heave,
I can say, 'Lord, I believe;
Help thou my unbelief.'

5. Hospitality.

A BLEST reward God's word of old ordained
For open heart and board; they, who relieved
The stranger, oft a heavenly guest received,
And, unawares, an angel entertained.
Ah, think not, that no more there may be gained
Such visits now; though angel's opening wing
May ne'er be seen, yet may as bright a thing,
In high-raised views, fleet fancies, thoughts unstained
Burst on the sight, beyond past witnessing.
Virtues, which ne'er thou reckoned'st to excel,
In the hearth's warmth to smiling largeness swell;
And fancied faults off their rough covering fling;
And stranger guests are known, in the farewell,
As friends for that blest land where angels dwell.

6. The Star in the East.

I SOUGHT for wisdom in the morning time,
When the sun cleared the hills; and strove to climb
Where I could further see; but all in vain
The efforts made: 'twas but a wearying strain
At truth; nor had of knowledge save the pain.

There rose a star i' th' east, before 'twas night,
And spoke of God; but only spoke of might,
And height, and distance; in a gathering mist,
I lost the star; I could not but persist
To seek, but how to find it nothing wist.

I journeyed long and darkly; but at last
The star appeared; and now its beams were cast
On a poor stable, where, in swaddling bands,
An infant lay in virgin mother's hands;
Fixed there it stood; and fixed for me still stands.

I found where wisdom dwelt; and, in my joy,
Brought forth my gifts; gold, though it held alloy,
Which dimmed its worth; incense from forth a breast
Warm with new love; myrrh, through all life possessed,
Fragrant to make the couch of earth's last rest.

7. The Number of the Saved.

'LORD, are there few that shall be saved?'
Of old was asked of Christ;
The answer told not what was craved,
Yet more to tell sufficed;
A truth its few short words comprised,
Each heart should bear engraved.

Strive, by the narrow gate, he said,
To heaven to enter in;
For throngs, who thither boldly sped,
Admission fail to win:
Oft they are last who first begin,
And last are first instead.

Saviour, I'd feel thy Word address
A charge of this amount:
'Seek through the gate thyself to press,
Not those who pass to count.'

8. The Work of Affliction.

FRET not beneath affliction's load;
Only a moment here 'twill last;
And, rightly borne, will find bestowed
A future to make light the past.

The burden, well sustained, of care,
Prepares thee strength, for load in store;
And fits thee greater weight to bear,
The weight of glory evermore.

9. God a Consuming Fire.

THE flash from Sinai clearly showed the law,
Which thou, O God, then wrot'st on hearts of stone;
A light to kill, not less than to illume;
Well may we hear thy Word with trembling awe,
Who feel the ray, upon our darkness thrown,
Powerful at once to enlighten and consume.

Thou art a fire, O God; yet not to those
Who scorn thee only; e'en in faith's right heart,
Thou must both hardness melt, and dross destroy;
Death hath his torturing stake for friends and foes;
To these the sting of ne'er-extracted dart;
To those the martyr's flame, and martyr's joy.

10. The Contrast.

LORD, thou to trust persuad'st,
By turning ill to good,
More than if fair, as first thou mad'st,
Thy works unchanged had stood.

Thy grace thou clearer show'st,
Than ere bright Eden ceased,
When thou on prodigals bestow'st
The ring, and robe, and feast.

Best by the contrast cast
Thy mercy comes to sight,
For us, who but from darkness past
Acquire the sense of light.

Then let me thank thee, Lord,
For cares which most annoy;
Caskets which, for their opening, hoard
A coming flash of joy.

11. The House of God.

THY house is shelter, O my God,
When I, on earth's rough way,
O'erburdened sink, or wearied plod,
Or, self-directed, stray:
Straightway I seek the open door,
And find thy rest my soul restore.

Thy house, O Lord, is pleasant home,
When, o'er the world's wide plain,
Vainly to seek for wealth I roam,
And all as poor remain:
Still I return, from chill and scorn,
And welcome find where I was born.

Thy house is banquet-hall, replete
With feast, and light, and song :
I sit, and of the dainties eat,
And carol with the throng :
From hedging brake, and highway track,
I hasten, still invited back.

I weary for the day, which brings
My soul its peace and weal :
Intent I hear the bell, which rings
Sin's knell, and heaven's peal ;
And bless thee that, when hence thou tak'st,
Thou, Lord, thine house eternal mak'st.

12. Not Slothful in Business.

I SERVE thee, Lord, by daily work, as much
As daily prayer, yet work to which the touch
Of prayer affords the cure for nature's pride,
And nature's sloth ; thy heaven hath o'er the tide
Such influence, as forbids it to subside.

I strive the glow of upward aim to give
To common acts ; so, unto God to live,
In toil for man : whene'er are made agree
Heaven's work, and earth's, not slothful then to be
In business makes it service, Lord, to thee.

13. Not Lost, though not Seen.

THE bird, that mounts in upward air,
Fades at the last from view;
Yet is, full surely, singing there,
Though hid i' th' heaven's blue.

The saint, that always higher rose,
Passes at death from sight;
Yet then, as surely, heavenward goes,
And sings at unknown height.

14. God's Vineyard.

THOU, Lord, hast given the vineyard; thou the tower
Hast built, which makes it safe; the wine-press dug,
Whence flows its joy; thou gav'st, besides, a bower,
For shade and rest; yet, prompt myself to hug
In fancied safety, when arrived the hour
Of fruit, and thou didst only claim a part,
I all denied thee; much of love thou spent'st,
In kind beseechings; many a message sent'st,
And wast refused; e'en he, of all the heir,
Rudely rejected; yet, through grace most rare,
Still is the vineyard mine; and therewith thou
Hast given the husbandman a better heart:
I hold thy Son beside me, welcomed now,
Pruning each tainted branch, more fruit to bear.

15. Perfect Freedom.

THY service, Lord, is freedom; yet it binds
With strongest chains; the heart around it winds
A self-imposed restraint: thy freedmen, we
Still wear thy badge; and joy that all should see
Our will, by firmest bonds, in thrall to thee.

So is our freedom perfect; or will grow
Such in thy heaven; lacking some part below,
Through earth's remaining gyves; if once there be
A will with thine in all things to agree,
Then, wholly bound, we shall be wholly free.

16. A Vain Endeavour.

I THOUGHT to shun the troubles, which by others
Were met, by shunning what had been their cause;
But, whilst I 'scaped the ill that was my brother's,
I got my own, which all as sorely gnaws.

Still there comes the same conclusion,
Howsoe'er the course begin;
Safest joy is found delusion;
Closest solitude hath sin.

I shunned debate, but could not 'scape from doubting:
I fled from noise, and felt the lonely's fears;

I found that self-reproach is worse than flouting ;
And happiest home leads on to bitterest tears.

Still, in country, or in city,
Crowd, or closet, 'tis the same :
We must learn from sorrow pity ;
And have sin destroyed by shame.

17. Disciples.

LORD, not the twelve alone, the seventy bore
A charge thy coming to declare ;
By twains commissioned to prepare
For thee a way, and go thy face before.

We are not all apostles made ; but all
Partake the seventy's place and part ;
By active walk, and peaceful heart,
And pure right words, to give the gospel call.

Stout pilgrims, kindly healers, givers free,
And blameless pairs, in grace the same,
Teach to the land the Saviour's name,
Though not the chief, but lesser crowd they be.

Oh, still to Christ return, meekly behaved,
From duty done, and sin expelled ;
Joy not o'er evil spirits quelled,
But that the grace ye teach yourselves hath saved.

18. Unknown what we shall be.

I WOULD not spend my fancy, to explore
What we shall be, in realms of brighter air;
Enough for me, and I would ask no more,
To know, O Saviour, I shall see thee there;

And seeing shall be like thee; these include
All that in highest heaven grace could decree;
To see thee is in thee to see all good,
And to be like thee is all good to be.

19. The Tempter's Departure.

THE tempter from my Lord departed,
But for a season, I am told:
Is it not then enough for me,
If for a season I am free,
And go upon my way light-hearted,
The mist from off the mountain rolled?

I cannot hope to 'scape the torture,
Which stung my spotless Lord so long;
The forty days in desert spent
The thought of less for me prevent;
But prospect of a like departure
E'en in the desert stirs a song.

Oh bright, as when a sudden ray
Breaks through a sky, till noonday shrouded,
When he, who long the spirit clouded,
E'en for a season hies away.

20. Petty Rights.

I HELD a right, although of trivial sort,
'Gainst one who would not yield it; nor could I,
With all my might, my rightful due extort.
Wearied with asking, I resolved to try
A firmer mode; and, manfully attacked,
To seize him by the throat, and all exact.

Then I remembered, Lord, how I to thee
Had owed ten thousand talents, and was cleared
From all the debt; how could I clamorous be
For but one hundred pence? full well I feared
Thou would'st thy right revive: I could not frame
A frank discharge, but urged no more the claim.

21. The Miracles.

BY miracle thou mad'st the world, O God,
Causing from nothing earth and heavens to rise;
Then followed marvels having giant size;
A globe the deluge into stillness awed;

Destruction went o'er Egypt's realm abroad;
An army sank in waves; the leaguered town
Fell at the trumpet's blast; the history down,
Hosts conquered, nations saved, to thee gave laud.
The Saviour came, and to an homelier strain
Attuned Omnipotence: he health and peace
Gave the lone breast; to household joys increase;
Their lost ones back to Bethany and Nain.
These for the last sole miracle made place,
Ne'er to go by; the heart renewed by grace.

22. Aggravation.

RAISE not, by reflecting long,
What is lesser ill to more;
Fret not, by a comment strong,
To a wound a petty sore;
Widen not, by thought, a wrong,
Till e'en love may not get o'er.

Lighter make at once thy woes,
By a mind to duties led;
Calm the current which o'erflows,
Turning it in other bed;
Give to injured love repose,
By remembered love instead.

23. Conformable to His Death.

LORD, in all places whatsoe'er,
Thy death I so about would bear,
As make my life all life excel,
Unto thy death conformable.

So would I die to sin each day,
As in the act thy cross display:
By flesh despite and pain endured,
But all salvation's joy assured.

With thee I would to wrath and pride,
To self and sense, be crucified:
And see my Father's chastening grace,
E'en when from me he hides his face.

I'd feel the wrongs thy foes are fierce
To work, my wounded heart to pierce;
Yet from thy foes themselves be won
The truth that I to God am son.

With thee I'd find the earth a tomb,
Which hath restoring in its gloom;
With thee from out the gloom would rise,
In frame adapted to the skies.

So, as each day my life I feel
The likeness of thy death reveal,

As much, through every passing hour,
I know thy resurrection's power.

24. Happiness.

MY constant aim at bliss, I know,
Is cause that bliss I fail to gain ;
I feel the anxious struggle woe,
The oft-defeated project pain.
If nought but duty were my mark,
Sought for alike in bright and dark,
'Twere joy, howe'er I'd hit or miss,
Because the aim itself is this.

Strive not for joy ; and then its gleam
Will come like an unlooked for gift ;
And cares will find thee, 'mid the stream,
Tranquil, as on expected drift.
For all thy bliss look on to heaven ;
And part will even here be given ;
Because of heaven a chief delight
Lies in a clear and holy sight.

25. Man's Judgment.

OH, foolish pride, which deems in others' mind
To thee a place so large assigned ;

Which still revolves what those around will say,
And turns all action to display:
Men think of thee far less than fancy shapes;
And oft what thou see'st huge all sight escapes.

Correct thine aim; and square thine acts to please
Thy God, who e'en the smallest sees;
Avoid the course with man's opinion veering,
By looking straight to heaven when steering:
And trust God's power, to sway the hearts around,
To judge that right, which right of him is found.

26. The Table in the Wilderness.

THOU hast a table, Lord, in desert spread,
For fainting souls; and divers come from far:
Nought have we brought with us, who hither sped;
But thou thy Word, O Saviour, makest bread
Wherewith to feed us, though we thousands are.

Or be there one, who some providings bore,
(Youngest perchance of all) to give the Lord,
What are they 'mongst so many? Thou the store,
O Saviour, mak'st enough: and, as of yore,
Command'st thy servants to the throng afford.

Thou leav'st much over; and enjoin'st no part
Be lost; then send'st us to our homes away:

Ah! soon thy chosen are, with sinking heart,
Tossed on wild waves; nor know how near thou art,
Who went'st up to the height, for them to pray.

27. Love.

O GOD, whose name is love,
So may we live in thee,
That pure and wise, as thine above,
Our earthly love may be.

Not to time's bounded sphere
Be friendship's view confined:
But, like thine own, our chosen here
For endless bliss designed.

Long-suffering, e'en as thine,
Prompt each desire to trace,
Still be our love; its truest sign
To lead to higher grace.

Lord, as 'tis e'en with thee,
If severance e'er arise,
Christ be the bond to make agree,
And knit the broken ties.

28. The Will denied.

OH blest, if such an one there be,
Who, whatsoe'er obstructs his will,

Can meet, from slightest ruffling free,
And straight his altered part fulfil;
Alas! it is not so with me.

I feel the check my spirit fret;
And chafe, until by shame restrained;
Or ponder, with a vain regret,
On aim which cannot now be gained,
Before the mind perversely set.

I reach content, by prayer, at last;
But late, like one who much hath strayed;
With time away in wandering cast;
And spirit from its balance swayed;
And sin, for which to weep, amassed.

29. Duty Done.

PRAISE thy God for duty done,
Though it so fatigue create
That, till strength by thee be won,
Meet another stage to run,
Thou must wait.

Mourn not thine exhausted force:
Look for better time arriving:
This is earth's appointed course,
Ever finding rest the source
Of reviving.

Now thou hast, without a crime,
Space for thankful musing given ;
Or art taught, in this thy prime,
How to wait God's destined time,
E'en in heaven.

30. Eyes to the Blind.

MY place is at the wayside found,
When Jesus passeth by :
Yet so my mind in darkness bound,
I cannot Christ espy.
And still an earnest prayer I try,
Towards a gracious ear ;
'Have mercy, Lord,' anew I cry,
Oh, Son of David, hear.'

'Lord, that I may receive my sight !
For fully I believe,
That thou hast power to give me light ;
Speak, and I shall receive ;
Oh speak, and that first faith retrieve,
Which formed my childhood's ray ;
Quickly I'll all encumbrance leave,
And follow in thy way.'

31. Gratitude.

IF, for my weal, my brother toil or ache,
Success, as meet reward, his joy augments ;

'Tis least return a grateful heart can make
Kindly to take the boon which love presents,
And yield the gladness of achieved intents.

Why should the joy, which man so rightly gains,
O bleeding Saviour, be to thee denied?
Thou, who for me hast borne such toils and pains,
Claim'st, with the law of love upon thy side,
To see thy travail, and be satisfied.

I grieve not man, by poor slight gift refusing;
Yet, Saviour, life from thee away can throw;
Thy very love to work thee sorrow using.
Was not to stoop to flesh enough of woe?
Yet we, by harshness, place thee man below.

August.

1. Wandering Thoughts.

MY lips, with accents rightly framed,
Utter the sacred page ;
Whilst objects, which I dread were named,
My wandering thoughts engage.

So, at the close, the point assigned
For grace received to thank,
I start to turn, and view, behind,
A long unmeaning blank.

I blush whene'er, in talk with man,
My mind is caught astray ;
And yet, with God conversing, can
The like, and worse, display.

2. The Lowest Room.

LORD, we take the lowest room,
Not unwillingly, when so
We our proper place assume,
And thou bidd'st us higher go.

But a harder task hath chanced,
Down to which the heart to bend ;
When already high advanced,
At thy bidding to descend.

Yet as needful one as other,
Midst of brother's strife with brother :
What is hardest oft is meetest,
And the gain at last completest ;
Near the gate his seat should be,
Who'd to part for heaven be free.

3. Godliness with Contentment.

THERE may be godliness, yet not be gain,
Through cares e'en godliness may not restrain :
Haste to be rich ; thirst of the world's applause ;
Or aims too lofty foiled, in God's own cause.

Strive, then, content to mix with godliness ;
Then, in whate'er thy lot, great gain possess ;
Content, with godliness, will all make sweet
Earth gives ; to faith itself, faith's lowest seat.

4. Error.

EVERY hour I err,
E'en in duty's straightest way ;

What is wrong infer,
E'en when truth I most essay.

Nought is left me, Lord, except
To thyself to go;
And, with tears sincerely wept,
All my wand'ring show.

What though not a word
Strike upon the outward ear;
By the Spirit stirred,
Something will the darkness clear.

All upon thy guidance thrown,
Soon 'twill praise excite,
That, with scarce the turning known,
I am walking right.

5. Anxiety.

SOMETHING I ever see before,
Which keeps me anxious till 'tis o'er;
And prompts to say, were this gone through,
Care would be fled, and joy ensue.

Yet, when the wished-for stage is won,
I find another still to run;
Another anxious care to lose,
Before the joy I hope ensues.

Fond man, whom nought thou meet'st with here
Aright instructs to hope or fear ;
Unschooled alike thy load to bear,
And how to throw it off, and where.

Here is a type, and lesson too,
Of death before, and heaven in view ;
Of anxious mind till death be past,
And joy, which is beyond it cast.

6. Condemnation.

THOU may'st pass Siloam's tower,
Safely, day by day :
Yet thou may'st not sinners call
Those o'erwhelmed beneath its fall ;
Such is common chance to all.

Thou may'st not have Pilate's power
Working thee to slay ;
Yet thou may'st not treason read,
Where the tyrant makes to bleed ;
Such is often virtue's meed.

Brand not what is common lot ;
Readier dwell on common sin ;
Conscious of thine equal blot,
Safety by repentance win.

7. Retrospect.

WHEN I review my bypast course of life,
Methinks the age of miracles remains;
So seems the whole with wondrous mercies rife,
Strange interposing checks to woes and pains.
E'en as the angel loosed th' apostle's chains,
Lighting the dungeon with a sudden ray,
So, whilst I sang to God my prison strains,
My hindrances oft fell in light away.
The withered hand, to active vigour cured;
The palsy roused to motion; sight made clear;
The sore all stanched, which many years endured:
Salvation heard at once by deaf cold ear;
These show my Saviour power from heaven to send,
And pledge his presence with me to the end.

8. God's Omnipresence.

GOD'S omnipresence is a thought of fear,
To those, who e'en from man so much conceal;
If God, 'midst all our secret sins, be near,
The holiest may ashamed, and apprehensive, feel.

Yet one remembrance can the terrors stem;
'Tis that the Saviour's Godhead is so true,
That ne'er the Judge is present to condemn,
But present there we find the Intercessor too.

What were I, if, howe'er exalted high,
My Saviour were not God, all space to fill?
At times might be no Mediator nigh,
When God's pure eye appeared, like lightning, prompt to kill.

O wondrous mystery, fitted to destroy
All fears, by nature raised, or Satan's wiles;
God's omnipresence is a thought of joy,
When, in a present God, a present Saviour smiles.

9. Pain.

CHRISTIAN, the cross hath not the power,
Its aspect should o'er thee obtain,
Whene'er thou frett'st beneath an hour
Of fleshly pain.

Long on the tree thy Saviour hung,
Bearing the pangs which made him die;
Nought from his lips the anguish wrung,
Save one last cry.

We read of groans at Lazarus' tomb;
Tears shed with Mary for her loss;
Sighs, when he broke the mute one's gloom;
None on the cross.

Bearing in hands and feet the nails,
Silent he met the doom pronounced :
Thou, if the slightest twinge assails,
Impatient moan'st.

Shame on thee, Christian, who would scorn
This distant likeness to thy Lord ;
Slight tablets, which the sufferings borne
By Christ record.

Thy pains be nails, more fixed which make
The look which Jesus' cross surveys ;
Love will forget all fleshly ache,
In one long gaze.

10. Wrestling in Prayer.

WE need at times to wrestle in our prayer,
When hours of darkness mystery add to care :
Then, till the daylight dawn, with groan and throe,
We strive with him, whose name we seek to know ;
Nor till he yield a blessing let him go.

Yet ah, the struggle leaves its mark behind ;
And wounds, bequeathed by victory, we find :
Like him, who wrestled once till break of day,
And conquering bore a shrunken limb away,
We know our halting, when we strongest pray.

11. The Time of Exile.

WHEN Israel captive went,
From his own land away,
The Lord a gracious message sent,
His fainting heart to stay.

The destined time was told,
Through which his woe should last;
And soon as seventy years had rolled,
His exile all was past.

We live upon this earth,
Like Israel far from home;
Driven from the holy city forth,
Captives of sin to roam.

Yet now, as well as then,
God the same message sends;
We have our threescore years and ten;
And then our exile ends.

Lord, thou art pleased to show
A special grace to some;
Thou send'st the message home to go,
Before the time be come.

12. The Teaching of Meekness.

I CANNOT learn from silent pride,
Or scorn that sits apart ;
That speak not, or, if words be tried,
That speak not to the heart :
But meekness keeps not what it knows,
And clears, by patience, all it shows ;
And lore is given, with ready smile,
Which stamps it on the soul the while.

O Saviour, when the wisest here
Repel me, or confuse,
I'd find thy meekness render clear
Mine else disordered views.
Thy Spirit is the teacher sent,
Comfort to yield, with knowledge blent ;
Up to thy height of light we press,
By learning of thy lowliness.

13. Self-Indulgence.

THOUGHT may, all as much as passion,
Have unbridled license given ;
Idle dreaming,
Wayward scheming,

Tainted fancies,
Sceptic glances,
These, and what is like in fashion,
Souls to risk of wreck have driven.

'Neath thy law's intense effulgence,
Lord, I bend and own my guilt;
'Midst unholiest,
I'd be lowliest;
Saying truly,
Lord, as fully
As the worst, my self-indulgence
Needs the blood on Calvary spilt.

14. The Fearful Healed.

SAVIOUR, I feel my sin so vile, that I
Dare not approach thee nigh;
I could not bear thy sad and gentle look,
Casting its meek rebuke;
And still I keep thy way, like one who fain
Somehow thy help would gain.

O Saviour, e'en to those thou giv'st thy grace,
Who fear to seek thy face;
Her who once came behind, and touched thy hem,
Lord, thou didst not condemn,
But lett'st thy virtue cure: like her I'd steal
To thee, and find thee heal.

15. The Tares and the Wheat.

TARES with the wheat still grow within the heart :
And those to weed is made the teacher's part ;
But oft so rough the work, as to uproot
Both wheat and tares, and quell the hope of fruit.

Be wise, and patient both : e'en angels wait,
Good grain from bad to clear, a lengthened date :
So, when the harvest shows the work complete,
Tares will be gone, the garner stored with wheat.

16. The Motive.

MY God, how mean a motive draws
To seek thy grace, or keep thy laws :
Thought of poor self the only cause.

Prayer is with me a pauper's cry ;
Love is desire of love's supply ;
And faith in Christ is fear to die.

Give, O my God, my Saviour's mind ;
Thy glory, as the end designed,
To seek in things of pettiest kind.

Thy glory still to hold for mark
Is surest course for one so dark,
To guide, to wished-for good, his bark.

For, blind to what true bliss denotes,
I know that who to God devotes
Himself, his own best weal promotes.

So, whilst I cast poor self from view,
To win the object I pursue
Self both exalts, and profits too.

17. The Fount in the Desert.

OFTTIMES is deliverance nigh,
When the least it meets the eye;
E'en as, in the wilderness,
Hagar sank in her distress;
Then, by angel roused, descried
Gushing waters, close beside.

Yet, 'tis told, on former morn,
Grief had to the desert borne;
There, beside a fountain laid,
Gurgling 'neath the palm-trees' shade,
Tidings, which forbade to roam,
Stayed her, and recalled to home.

Ah, there ne'er is desert place,
But it holds a fount of grace;
What though all of thee unseen,
Who forgett'st what once had been,
Near thee may the waters rise,
And an angel ope thine eyes.

18. Vanity and Vexation of Spirit.

I THINK that I would scarcely heed
The vainness of each object here,
If nought should to the loss succeed,
But search of other gain to cheer :
The failure past I'd soon efface,
By ardour in another chase.

But ah, the vanity without
A spirit vexed within creates ;
And boldness turns to sickening doubt ;
And bliss disgusts before it sates ;
New plans become but drugs to still
The ache, unhoped the void to fill.

Lord, 'tis thy wisdom makes to suit
Revolted taste with rotting fruit ;
Thou break'st what else were endless quest,
To turn us to thyself, and rest.

19. God's Instruments.

MEN are thine instruments, O sovereign God,
And form thy rod,
Yielding their passions to thy great intents :
Why then 'gainst these with idle wrath inveigh,
And evil say,
When nought but portion of ordained events ?

Loudly I charge my fellows as unjust,
Or breaking trust,
When these but work thy right awards below:
So let me feel, beneath the wrongs most sore;
And thence restore
My heart, if not to love, to quiet woe.

20. Christ Unseen.

CHRIST is sometimes at our side,
When our eyes are holden so,
That the Lord is not descried,
And in darkness sad we go.

Moses is expounded clear;
Prophets shown the proof to swell;
Yet, though Christ in all we hear,
Still of Saviour lost we tell.

Oft, less blest than those of old,
We, in breaking of the bread,
Ne'er at all our Lord behold,
Or without a blessing fled.

Christian, still be like to them,
Journeying, though the night increase;
Haste thee tow'rds Jerusalem;
Christ will greet thee there with peace.

21. Cords of Love.

HOW graciously, O Lord,
Thou dost thy dealings make,
With earth's affections to accord,
And thence their influence take.

Thyself our father art,
Thy Son our dying friend;
Like a calm feeling in the heart,
Thou dost thy Spirit send.

When thou from earth withdraw'st
Those who on earth are dear,
An impulse tow'rds thy heaven is caused,
By ties that bound us here.

Thou tak'st them to a home,
Where many friends they find;
And winn'st, by thoughts of home, to come
Those who are left behind.

Our every call to mourn
Hath wisely been decreed;
That feelings, to thy creatures borne,
Towards thyself may lead.

Fully, my God, I prove
The fitness of thy plan ;
Thou drawest me with cords of love,
Bind'st with the bonds of man.

22. Dependence.

THOU hast not given me, Lord, what most I sought ;
So hast thou taught
To look to thee for unfulfilled desire,
And rising keep tow'rds heaven an unquenched fire.

Ne'er hast thou brought me to the longed-for ease ;
So dost thou please
To wake, by painful starts, to thoughts of thee,
And, by my chains, remind me who can free.

The strength I lack, and fain would have supplied,
Thou hast denied ;
Lest, finding all I want myself within,
Thee I forget, and by forgetting sin.

My wish to be from earth and bondage loosed,
Thou hast refused ;
To make me, e'en for death, on thee depend,
And live in prayer and patience to the end.

23. Deliverance.

LONG had I fixed my eye on one dark spot,
Seen in my lot;
And all the landscape round for this forsook:
Then, when before me nought but blackness lay,
There broke a ray,
Which lit to sudden brightness that sad nook.

A ray from thee, my God, there broke, to show
Love in the woe,
And gracious purpose in its sting declare:
Now not alone this ill aright I read;
Mine eye is freed,
Around to look, and see all else how fair.

24. The Spirit's Communion.

HOLY Spirit, when I fell
'Neath the sin I deemed o'ercome,
Why, oh why, the risk to tell,
Was thy voice within me dumb?

'Sinner, so thou griev'dst me then,
By thy light unthinking mood,
Where the best of friends, 'mongst men,
But had sad and silent stood?'

Lord, thy love all man's surmounts :
Oft, when I to death had strayed,
Well my grateful heart recounts
How thy mercy back conveyed.

'Think as well, how oft I strove
'Gainst resistance, madly shown ;
Why, when thou again wouldst rove,
Marvel thou wast let alone ?'

Still, my God, I bear within
Proof thou dost not wholly spurn ;
E'en my hatred of the sin
Shows a glimmering light to burn.

'Servant, quench not then the spark ;
Else again thou'lt fall to shame ;
If thou'dst not be lone and dark,
Thou must watch, and fan the flame.'

25. Trust.

WHY doth distrust of those who love me,
To coldness or repining move me ?
'Tis that the faith my God requires,
Less than it ought my breast inspires.

For faith is trust ; and were the feeling
Kindly through all my bosom stealing,

Alike to God, and those he gave,
Love would, with heart at peace, behave.

If in God's goodness more I rested,
Affection were of fear divested,
Knowing 'twould be his gift most sure
To make the love I prize secure.

Teach, O my God, thy trembling debtor,
To trust thee more, and know thee better;
And faith in sure embrace will fold
The heart I doubt, yet truly hold.

26. Christ in the House.

'TIS not alone for wedding feast,
The Saviour hies to friendly roof;
He joys to stay
Through every day;
And yield of gracious presence proof,
By all the common cheer increased.

He makes a marriage for each one,
Of deathless bond, and bliss refined;
And, by his word,
When rightly heard,
He brings a joy of better kind,
When all which we had stored is done.

He quickens, to a work divine,
The converse of the passing hour;
To coarsest fare,
He gives the air
Of dainties; and, by heartfelt power,
He turns the water into wine.

27. Fears.

HOW many fears disturb the anxious mind,
Which ne'er in actual life fulfilment find:
Foul images of dreaded woe or shame,
Fleeting like midnight dreams when morning came.
See thou in these, my soul, unrolled a list
Of woes deserved, which thou through grace hast missed;
Judgments inscribed against thy guilty ways,
Turned, by Christ's death, to fears which fly in praise.

28. The Only Possible.

I CANNOT clear this troubled breast
Of cares, which every day molest;
Only I can remember thine,
O Saviour, and the less repine.

I cannot drive this sin away,
Which makes me still anew its prey;

I can but to thy cross repair,
To hear thee speak my pardon there.

I cannot love as I desire,
With bosom for thy grace on fire;
I can but view thy love to me,
And humbled feel, so loved to be.

I cannot rise, as fain I would,
To perfect right, or perfect good;
I can but think of thee on high,
O Saviour, and be glad to die.

In vain are all my efforts made,
Myself to save, or lift, or aid;
The only possible for me,
O Saviour, is to cling to thee:

In time of dread, thy hand to hold;
In loss, thy charter to unfold;
On thee to lean, when prompt to fall,
And, sought in thee, in thee have all.

29. Peace.

'PEACE to this house;' this be thine inward prayer,
O sent of Christ, though not apostle named;

Where'er thou enterest, peace be round thee there,
Or, if 'tis not, be thou for this unblamed.

Send, from thy heart, Christ's peace where'er thou go'st;
If, like the dove, it find no place of rest,
Back it will hie, to casement kept unclosed,
And build a fruitful dwelling in thy breast.

30. Which is the Greatest?

OH, dispute not, by the way,
Which may be the greatest;
Thou may'st rank full low betray
By the claim thou statest;
And a little child beside thee
Might to frame more fitting guide thee.

Man, thou must thy path reverse,
Ere to heav'n thou winnest:
And, through childhood's grace, disperse
All by which thou sinnest:
Childhood's faith and love must move thee,
All as much as they reprove thee.

31. Grief's Teaching.

GRIEF shows my sin, yet not by grief presenting
Bypast transgression as the source of woe;

But more as giving cause for fresh repenting,
By waking sins which grief makes quick to grow;
Wild thoughts, false comforts, faithless self-tormenting,
Teach me my wayward nature well to know.

Joy, in its placid calm, is full of praises;
And feels itself as if for heaven prepared:
Grief with a sense of sin, thought dead, amazes,
Woke into action when the wound is bared:
So, while of Jesus' grace fresh need it raises,
The guilt which slew him is more deep declared.

September.

1. Cumbered in Serving.

THOU may'st be cumbered, e'en in serving Christ,
As Martha was, and feel as sacrificed
To others' sloth; ah then, thou, in thine heart,
False thought hast nursed; and know'st not what thou art,
Who only martyr prov'st to anger's smart.

Speed on thy work; yet deem thy sister's choice
Is pure alike; and in her joy rejoice,
Smiling as thou go'st past; with holy art,
Like Mary's, mingle leisure, toil athwart;
And give thy work, through prayer, a better part.

2. Bodily Infirmity.

THOU gav'st me, Lord, a feeble frame,
With sense acute of pain and change,

Thereby this thoughtless heart to tame,
From reckless flight to sober range,
And 'midst the bounds thou sett'st restrain,
By sudden check from constant chain.

My weakness leads me to thy might;
My anguish prayer for med'cine seeks;
My fears thy mercy hold in sight;
Doubly my rest thy love bespeaks;
Whilst strong ones run from thy command,
I must keep close, and grasp thy hand.

My Christian hope to me is fraught
With thoughts which health could ne'er afford;
I long to have resemblance wrought,
In double likeness, to my Lord;
And, whilst his spirit I endue,
Put on his glorious body too.

3. Buried in Baptism.

THE flood a sinful world destroyed,
Buried beneath the wave;
But still an ark was on the void,
To tell 'twould burst its grave.

And thence went forth, on trembling wing,
A dove, with God for guide;
In leaf, that spake of peace, to bring
Pledge of assuaging tide.

The dove at Jordan's stream appeared,
A sign for lost ones framed;
Fully the ancient type was cleared,
When God his Son proclaimed.

Buried with Christ in font of love,
Rising with cleansing won,
The saint hath in his heart the dove;
And thus God owns his son.

4. Restoration.

THE Saviour bade lay down the bier,
Which held the widow's son;
And, charging life to re-appear,
He spake, and it was done:
He gave the lost one to his mother back,
'Mid throngs, which, praising God, hung wondering on his track.

Oh weep not, with a grief so sore,
Thy lost one in his prime;
The Saviour will thy dead restore,
Though after longer time:
Or, if the death of sin worse woe conveys,
Trust to Christ, drawing nigh, the soul to life to raise.

5. Evil Thoughts.

SEND the devils, Lord, away,
Which, in legion, throng my breast;
Evil thoughts, in foul array,
Which will not be dispossessed;
Sharply cutting, till I cry;
And 'midst tombs were fain to lie,
But for thee, my Saviour, nigh.

Only to the heart of brute
These, O Saviour, could be sent;
E'en with such the instant fruit
Downwards were to turn their bent;
Saviour, so thy Word abound,
That, in depths of calm profound,
All the evil thoughts are drowned.

6. Duty Neglected.

I SEE a crowd of duties, left undone,
Thronging like spectres round me, with each one
A tale of past misdeed; and felt so nigh,
In terror, and yet motionless, I lie.

I mark how much I owed, where once I deemed
That nought was due; and failings, slight esteemed,
Are large as sins; duties, of which is fled
The proper time, come like accusing dead.

I feel all vileness, and of hue too dark
Almost for cleansing; for the sins I mark
Are most beyond repairing; and unfit
Seem I for change of sentence, long since writ.

My waking is in darkness; and I toss,
And groan, till light appears, and shows the cross:
O Saviour, then alone my fears are stilled,
When, in thy work, I find my measure filled.

7. Christ's Kinsmanship.

MY Saviour, how I turn to thee,
When kinsmen here are harsh or cold;
Or sins and blemishes I see,
Which shake affection from its hold:
Thee, Saviour, still the same I find,
Holy, and just, and true, and kind.

My friend offends me, or forsakes,
Saying not his a kinsman's tie;
Then, when the heart for kindred aches,
With none, perchance, of kindred nigh,
Thou, Elder Brother, show'st revealed
A love, by blood most firmly sealed.

Alas! the power of nature's bonds
Full oft to knit the kinsmen fails;

The heart for brother's slight desponds ;
Beneath his distant greeting quails :
Then, Saviour, thou a friend art found,
Closer than any brother bound.

8. The Barren Tree.

THOUGH thou seem'st a barren tree,
There is comfort still for thee ;
Thou hast one, whose urgent prayer
Moves the owner thee to spare,
Yet another year, to see
How may speed his husbandry.

But beware that thou to hope
Yieldest not presumptuous scope ;
For of other fig-tree yet
In the Book the tale is met ;
Doomed by Christ, for fruit not borne ;
And all withered ere the morn.

9. The Thorn in the Flesh.

ASK not of the Apostle's thorn,
What his plague of flesh could be :
Know'st thou not of something borne
All as silently by thee ?

If thou striv'st to hide thy sore,
Lest perchance thy Lord it shamed,
Why should Paul the load he bore
Have more openly proclaimed?

All enough for thee and him,
If be told, in general phrase,
Suffering which, of import dim,
Still exalts the Saviour's praise;

If th' infirmity excite
Prayer redoubled, though concealed;
And thy Lord's sufficient might
Glory out of weakness yield.

10. Love in Heaven.

WHEN I remember how that friend beloved,
Who once on earth my slightest thought partook,
May oft be near me, though from sight removed,
And still more clearly in this bosom look,

I tremble, lest its sinfulness create
Aversion in a breast more pure than ever;
And fear lest former love should turn to hate,
And hearts, which earth united, heaven should sever.

But straight I think, that heaven can only give
Nearer resemblance to my loved one's Lord :
And how the guiltiest wretch, of all that live,
Hath, in Christ's breast, a love all quenchless stored :

And then I know, that e'en my foulest sin
Will not from me my sainted one estrange ;
The holy love, which earth rejoiced to win,
Save to be holier, knows in heaven no change.

11. The Parables.

SAVIOUR, 'tis not thy parables we find,
The mysteries of thy word, although, of old,
The beauty of the moral caught not hold
Of carnal, or of superstitious mind.
A different spot to darkness is assigned,
In these the days of reason proudly named ;
And doubts, of which e'en Jews had been ashamed,
Like mists from mid-day sun, make Christians blind.
But still from thee the parable ; and there
Faith still looks up, with wonder mixed with love :
Whilst reason scorns all truth her sense above,
Faith asks her Lord the meaning to declare ;
E'en as of yore, thou mak'st the mystery known,
When thy disciples are with thee alone.

12. The Days of an Hireling.

I ASK not freedom, Lord,
But that thy grace accord
Strength for the task thou giv'st on earth to do ;
And, when with toil oppressed,
Some short and broken rest,
From which to start, and straight my work pursue.

My days an hireling's are,
And one from home afar ;
The hire thy grace bestows I ask not here :
I am content, O Lord,
That thou the whole shouldst hoard,
And pay at once, the home I reach to cheer.

13. God's Omnipotence.

SCARCELY can man the wondrous power conceive,
Which in thy sceptre lies, O King of Kings :
New forms of what exists man may achieve ;
Thou speak'st, and what thou wouldst at once from nothing springs.

All with poor man is labour ; arms and thews,
And mental strain, his ends attain or miss ;

Thou hast alone to will what thou wouldst choose;
E'en by that act of will thy mind accomplished is.

Yet lies a mystery, deeper e'en than this,
Hid in that scheme which lifts thy glory high:
Thy power was stretched to doff essential bliss,
And e'en the Godhead cause to suffer and to die.

Here, by strange power, we view, in one comprised,
Thine and our nature, both in truest sense:
And, doing all things in the strength of Christ,
Man, poor weak man, partakes in God's omnipotence.

14. Duty's Mistakes.

I FELL on wrongful course; and, when 'twas done,
Espied the way to shun;
The knowledge came
Too late to guide; but quick to sting and shame.

I vowed a steadier mind for after need;
And deemed I well would speed;
Alas! when grew
The occasion, straight revived the error too.

I cried, Shall wisdom ne'er be found of man,
Save in defeated plan?
Still must his lore
Be sharp to blame, and fruitless to restore?

So aid me, Lord, that, at each time renewed,
The wrong be more subdued ;
That error, so,
Encroach on duty, with decreasing flow ;

That duty, wiser grown, as nearer heaven,
Have less of error's leaven ;
And, at the last,
Nought come but present joy from error past.

15. Daily Mercies.

WHY, Lord, am I so slow to see thy grace ?
'Tis that the daily mercies of my place
I fail to mark :
The eye, well trained familiar things to trace,
The readiest spies the distant point, or dark.

Saviour, because thy chosen had forgot
The miracle of loaves, they knew thee not,
Walking the waves :
Melt so my heart with bliss of daily lot,
As makes it quick to know the Lord who saves.

16. Correctives.

I GROANED beneath my lot,
Viewing the many who had higher gone :
Then came the thought anon,
How, in God's world, mere unit I am not,

But form a part of all-encircling scheme,
And, for God's general plan, meetest my place must deem.

I grieved for narrow range,
Strength weakened, scanty store, and part obscure:
Then grew my heart more pure,
Feeling earth's sorrows from earth's scenes estrange:
My course is not to this poor dust confined;
And woe is heaven's wealth, when yielding heaven's mind.

17. Is it I?

WHO is he, that, early brought
'Neath the Saviour's pitying eye,
Keeps within a traitorous thought?
Is it I?

Who, amongst the chosen named,
Seeming with the best to vie,
Hides a rebel purpose framed?
Is it I?

Who, with Christ long known as friend,
Straightway from his Word will hie,
With his foes in aim to blend?
Is it I?

Who, that dippeth in the dish,
With the Saviour seated nigh,
Plans an unclean spirit's wish?
Is it I?

When thou paint'st the traitor's part,
Saviour, well may I reply,
From the depths of stricken heart,
Is it I?

Lord, preventive warning bring;
Question that arrests supply:
Who would do this treacherous thing?
Is it I?

18. The Favourite Resource.

I TRUSTED still to one relief,
For ailment, weariness, and grief;
And drew fulfilment from belief.

Lord, it is right that this should fail,
E'en when I gave it warmest hail,
To fill of human life the tale:

Nothing to leave, of which the end
Is not, in closing record, penned,
As vain a further light to lend:

Nothing to leave, of which to say,
This was his constant cure and stay;
But all, save God, to take away.

Lord, when thou thus my hope o'erthrow'st,
Clearly the old success, thou show'st,
That hand had given, which now is closed.

O faithless heart, so soon depressed,
Seest thou not here a truth addressed,
On which, for after joy, to rest?

Man may in vain lost power pursue;
What God once gave God can renew;
And, to meek faith, is prompt to do.

19. Apathy.

THE three, to whom the Mount displayed
The Saviour's glory clear,
Were also, in the Garden's shade,
His scene of anguish near.

Oh truth most plain to Christian breast!
They, who the highest go,
To see his glory, know the best
The Saviour's time of woe.

Upon each spot, in self-same mode,
The three to slumber sank;

Alike where Christ his godhead showed,
And where his cup he drank.

Oh type confirmed, reproof well brought,
To hearts that slumbering lie,
Both when of dying Saviour taught,
And shown their king on high!

20. The Woman taken in Adultery.

AM I not in thy presence, Lord, like her,
Who once, that thou mightst speak her doom, was brought:
Who, but few moments ere she trembled there,
Had been in foul and base transgression caught?

If but few moments back I turn mine eyes,
On scarce past sin my sight must needs be fixed;
No outward act of crime to view may rise,
But guilt and folly in my heart have mixed.

No one condemns me, Lord; for none perchance
Suspects how much of virtue's check I lacked;
But thou, O Lord, with omnipresent glance,
E'en as I sinned, didst take me in the act.

Yet, as of old, thou thoughts of grace revolv'st;
Thou writ'st on earth the doom for earth in store:
But earth's poor weak inhabitant absolv'st;
And gently whisperest, 'Go, and sin no more.'

21. Deaths Around.

LIKE to the falling leaves
Are dying friends around :
Yet scarce an ear receives
Sense of the whispering sound.
We smile on changing hues,
Which still bedeck the earth ;
Or shut the saddening views
Out from a happy hearth.
Man, in its several time,
Away each warning throws ;
The weakness of the prime ;
The withering of the close.

22. Tempted as We.

THOU wast tempted e'en as we,
Saviour ; and in this thou bor'st
More than those whom thou restor'st ;
Since temptation found in thee
Nothing therewith to agree.

Ours, alas ! is will akin
To the lure ; and so the breast
Only stirs to answering zest ;
Nought throughout hadst thou within,
Save resistance to the sin.

Let me so thy mind partake,
Saviour, that, in measure, now,
I be tempted e'en as thou;
Sharing, through temptation's ache,
In thy sufferings, for thy sake.

23. Anticipation.

RICH, as a galleon's freight, my bliss appears,
Yet seems a venture too, an hour may wreck;
A moment's stroke my fortune's speed may check,
And cheerful toil convert to fruitless tears;
A long dull track of waste and barren years
May, at one turn, this pleasant range succeed;
And those, one glimpse of whom all faintness cheers,
Be gone too far bereavement's cry to heed:
Yet can a change from him alone proceed,
Who gave the talents, bidding me employ;
If I so trade as grace exchange with joy,
No cause is mine to dread a bankrupt's need:
Oft, in time past, with darker fears to trouble,
My Lord returned, and made my treasure double.

24. The Work of Salvation.

WORK thy salvation out,
In faith, and still in fear;

Free from perplexing doubt,
And from presumption clear:
Nerved to the goal in sight to press,
Yet trembling in thine eagerness.

Fear it may well excite,
To think how, thee within,
God works, with sovereign might,
To bend thy will from sin:
Thou tremblest 'neath the touch divine,
Yet thereby know'st God's strength is thine.

25. Rebuke.

E'EN from meanest things around,
Saviour, let there come a sound,
Like the cock's predicted crowing,
On my sins reproof bestowing.

Beasts, and birds, and lower throngs,
Owning God in tasks or songs,
Chide me, if, when men deride him,
I have cowardly denied him.

'Midst the crowds that slay my Lord,
Something touch a secret chord,
Telling, and by this rebuking,
Of my Saviour on me looking.

Morning, with its herald clear,
Wake my sin to grief and fear;
Skies that shine, and birds that twitter,
Send me out to weeping bitter.

26. A divided Kingdom.

THERE is oft divided will,
Heart within:
Yet the conflict all for ill,
Sin with sin:
Satan's kingdom hath its coasts
Fought for by contending hosts;
Yet, whiche'er the victor be,
Satan's is the victory.

Only, Saviour, when the heart
All is thine,
Varied motives, in each part,
Well combine:
Round thy throne, O Prince of Peace,
Virtues all from discord cease;
Or, if strife amongst them be,
'Tis which closest comes to thee.

27. Christ on the Mount.

WHEN, on the mount of glory, shone
The Saviour's godhead clear,

There spake a voice, in 'wildered tone,
'Tis good, Lord, to be here.'

From whom the voice? Ah, not from those,
Who, to pay homage there,
Had left heaven's beauty and repose,
To cleave earth's troubled air.

Only in him the feeling woke,
Who, with Christ seen so bright,
Forgot, for one short hour, the yoke,
Again to gall ere night.

Ah, 'twere not good on earth to stay,
E'en though our tent we raised
On lofty mount, where, all the day,
Only our Lord we praised.

Earth's weariedness would find us weak
To stem a slumb'rous frame;
And saints unfitting words would speak,
And know not how they came.

'Tis good to be with Christ on earth,
Yet on the height not more,
Than 'midst the crowd, or at the hearth,
Or humblest cottage door.

But better wish, and loftier aim,
To gain the calmer air,

Whence Moses and Elias came,
To turn and wait him there.

Oh, when from all earth's bonds escaped,
We reach that happy sphere,
Fitly may then the words be shaped,
"'Tis good, Lord, to be here.'

28. Thankless Rest.

AS of my heart the depths I sound,
Expecting praise to gush and shine,
The desert's well appears its sign,
Imagined full, and empty found.

Ah me! it brings a saddening throe,
When, long parched ways in safety trod,
I'd wake a thankful song to God,
Nor find the looked-for feeling flow.

I little prize the rest enjoyed,
If still the thirst unslaked remain;
This but the end of toil and pain,
To reach the point, and find the void.

Lord, let that power, which once before
This rocky breast to softness smote,
As much a lesser work promote,
And fill the fount, to running o'er.

29. Desire of Death.

WHEN strongest my desire of death,
I least am fit to die;
Because the will, which keeps my breath,
I then would fain deny.

Why would the servant, ere the time,
Enter the Master's room,
Who may, as for a heedless crime,
To longer waiting doom?

The angel, who would change his place,
For work or watch ordained,
God might well exile from his face,
As one with folly stained.

'Tis the same course, the saint above,
And earthly fellow suits;
To serve and sing, to look and love,
And bring the Lord his fruits.

I must, by longer stay on earth,
Better for heaven prepare:
I may not go, with such a dearth
Of graces needful there.

God more of strength for duty give;
More patience Christ supply:
When longer I am fit to live,
I shall be fit to die.

30. Varied Graces.

THERE is no sameness in thy world, O God,
But varied powers, and many-coloured hues;
Why should not grace alike be shed abroad,
And man with varied attributes suffuse?
Good grain, and mixed, bright flowers of different dyes,
Thy garner suit, and garden, in the skies.

Nought but self-love it proves, when those I rate,
As unlike Christ, who unlike are to me:
Nor mark the wisdom, different to create,
In work and kind, those who in right agree.
Help me, my God, to trace, with view enlarged,
As varied grace, what I as fault had charged.

October.

1. Poverty.

SEE that thou cast not envious eye,
Upon thy neighbour's larger store,
When thou, a poor man, seem'st to lie,
At rich one's door.

Nor yet to soothe thy pride essay,
Thyself by deeming nearer God;
Though riches make a hard steep way,
It may be trod.

Shun not, in need, to raise the prayer,
Which e'en thy brother's crumbs implores;
Grateful, if meanest thing shall bear
Balm to thy sores.

Beg of thy Lord to render clear,
By heaven with earth in union viewed,
That thou thine evil things hast here,
And there thy good.

2. The Sabbath.

DEEM not, on the Sabbath morn,
Like the sorrowing band of old,
Thine a Saviour, rudely torn
From the arms which fain would hold.
Go not, as to tomb where lies
Jesus, hid from longing eyes,
Ne'er to faith's embrace to rise.

Think, how, on the Sabbath morn,
When they neared the gloomy prison,
Tidings, by bright angels borne,
Told, 'He is not here, but risen.'
Why your Lord's own words forget?
Christ will, at the place he set,
Still, a smiling Lord, be met.

Muse not, on the Sabbath morn,
On a Saviour lost and gone;
But on one who hearts forlorn
Comes to soothe with peace anon:
Go, behold where once he lay;
Then the news, 'He lives,' convey,
Sure to meet him on the way.

3. The Check.

OH that when ill
Stirs in my breast,
I at once could still
The awakening will,
By the thought suppressed.

It needs a check,
On the instant given,
When at passion's beck,
To a place of wreck,
I am onward driven.

But virtue's seed
Is to spring so slow,
It hath not speed
For my time of need,
While offences grow.

Lord, thy grace, from the throne of light,
Only hath quickness to check aright.

4. The Earthly Service.

SOME serve thee, Lord, as most at first will do,
With sense of grace rising in rapturous praise;
They walk in prayer, with thee in constant view,
And talk to thee aloud in all their ways:

But these have snares ; rash zeal, contentious heat,
Presumptuous faith, false judgments, grace defeat.

A time of greater calm with most succeeds ;
Less prayer, more work ; less fervour, greater staidness ;
But ah, this course its own correction needs,
Showing cold love, scant homage, frequent deadness ;
So, oft the heart sighs for the pristine time ;
And more for heaven, which mends, yet keeps, its prime.

5. Forms of Prayer.

VIEW not forms with heedless scorn ;
These are but the seemly dress,
Holy feast-time to express,
And the bride of Christ adorn.

Forms are fetters, wrong entwined ;
But, to those who rightly wear,
Girdle that sustaineth prayer,
Due compression to the mind.

Forms are helps to infant speech,
Aiding it to go alone ;
Strength at times to minds full-grown,
When too weak their aim to reach.

Forms are rules, by which to tame
Zeal into decorous mood ;

Bonds of ancient brotherhood,
Binding those who said the same.

Forms supply the humble tale,
Easy to repentant sin;
Faith, when near the crown to win,
Words obtains, when others fail.

Forms afford the means to hush,
Through devotion, others' care;
Yielding him a ready prayer,
Who himself to pray would blush.

Who may e'er 'gainst forms inveigh,
As unmeet or insincere,
When he thinks, how Christ, when here,
Taught us, by a form, to pray?

6. The Believer Known.

WHEN the leper rose enlarged
From his foulness and his shame,
Christ the parting suppliant charged
Ne'er the mercy to proclaim,
Save, as in the law 'twas writ,
To his God, with offering fit.

Yet, how could the leper go,
'Midst the throng that knew him vile,

Nor, in altered aspect, show
What the Lord had wrought the while?
Well he might his cure display,
Nor the Saviour disobey.

Saviour, when from sin thou freest,
Thus thou bidd'st the healed ones do:
Silent, save to God or priest,
Yet thine own no less to view:
Known for what they long had been,
Well that they are cleansed 'tis seen.

7. Length of Days.

I ENVY not thy fate, O ancient king,
Unto whose prayer God gave a lengthened life,
Of fifteen years precise; I think how rife,
This measured course, of feelings meet to bring
Earth's worst of ills; how, on a reckless wing,
At first thou soar'dst, deeming each project sure
Of full achievement; then, when rudely checked
Thy visions, like all earth's, hadst to endure
The pain of too short time; when the set hour
Of night approached, losedst of good the power,
By dwelling on the end: far more I choose
My own uncertain date, fit to direct,
Up to the heaven next hour may bring, my views,
Yet, on a field unbounded, strenuous aims project.

8. The Sign of the Cross.

CLEARLY I see the cross displayed,
On every Christian true:
Whate'er his post, or garb, or grade,
He bears the badge in view.

I see it in each holy deed,
Marked in no outline dim;
For all from love to Christ proceed,
Stretched on the cross for him.

Ah me! its sign full oft is seen
'Midst foolishness and fault;
Which in the holiest intervene,
And make the straightest halt.

Clearly I then the cross descry,
As if on shield engraved;
Thinking that, came not Christ to die,
The holiest were not saved.

9. The Two Covenants.

A COVENANT once I made, of gainful kind,
Which soon I broke, from rash and wayward mind:

Then, when I sought the covenant to renew,
'Twas asked, could one be trusted, so untrue?
Ashamed I felt, and wist not what to do.

Then one of friendly will, and wealthy name,
Proffered to be my surety, and became:
Again I broke the covenant; but my friend
Fulfilled it every whit; and, at the end,
Mine was the profit; his the price to spend.

The contract was the same in either case;
The difference rose from interposing grace:
Alike obliged, alike I failed to pay;
But he, my surety, wiped my debt away;
And justly mine made all which forfeit lay.

10. Vacancy of Heart.

WHEN the Saviour, from thy heart,
Bids the evil one depart,
Thou must haste to fill the place
Full of aims and thoughts of grace;
Else thou'lt find the vacant room
Straight the evil one resume,
With a sevenfold deeper gloom.

Ne'er is in the heart a void,
By the Tempter unemployed;

If one sin in action lie,
Vacancy will seven supply;
Where one spirit's bonds were burst,
Seven more, and more accursed,
Worse will make at last than first.

11. Christ's Presence.

WHY art thou not, O Saviour, here,
As 'midst the apostle's band thou wast?
They need thee not in loftier sphere,
With all their cares and sorrows past;
But here we wish thee every day,
To come, and, 'Peace be with you,' say.

Why is this whirl in heart and brain,
When but thy word the whole could calm?
Why all this weakness felt, and pain,
When thou couldst yield both strength and balm?
'If thou hadst but been here,' we cry,
'Cause had not come to faint or sigh.'

O Saviour, feeble flesh cries out
For something which with sense agrees;
Still it renews the apostle's doubt,
Because it handles not, nor sees;
Forgetting what a boon receives
He who, though seeing not, believes.

E'en when thy death hath paid our debt,
Saviour, to us, as those of old,
Thou prov'st a Master absent yet,
Though from the tomb the stone be rolled :
Near us thou art, yet mak'st appear
Only at times thy presence clear.

12. The Soul Required.

WHEN thy ground hath plenteous yield,
And thy barns too scant are found,
Thou may'st smile on teeming field ;
May'st pull down, and larger build ;
Nor offence abound.

But, if to thy soul thou say'st,
'Thou hast goods for years in store ;
Eat, and drink, and pleasure taste ;'
Fear, lest on the wall be traced,
'All this night is o'er.'

Fool ! if God require thy soul,
Whose shall then thy treasures be ?
If thou'rt rich tow'rds God, the whole
Of thy wealth, when comes thy goal,
Thou wilt take with thee.

13. Heaven Realized.

FAIN would I soar above this earth,
And sun my spirit in the glow
Of that blest land, where nought of dearth
Is known, or pain, or toil, or woe.

I'd wrest my moments from the power
Of this poor scene of strife and care;
And spend, if but a passing hour,
In heaven, amid the bright ones there.

But ah, so hard the thought to frame
Of things nor eye, nor ear, explains,
That straight I falter in my aim,
And heavenly dream to earthly wanes.

I rise from dust on ready wing;
But mists surround me and depress;
And soon the downward fancy bring,
To earth's distincter littleness.

I cannot aught devise, to catch
A feeling such as heaven inspires,
Save, Lord, to work, and wait, and watch,
As e'en in heaven thy will requires.

To do thy will not least awakes,
In heaven itself, the heavenly glow:

And he, who does thy will, partakes,
In measure, heaven's delight below.

Fancy may fail to paint the bliss,
Which brightens heaven's eternal day;
But working faith can scarcely miss
To feel, although unseen, the ray.

14. Unadvised Lips.

A LITTLE spark of fire,
Struck from a hasty tongue,
May desolation cause, as dire
As bosom ere hath wrung.

One error of the lips,
Like error of the helm,
A course may give, which, like the ship's,
In hopeless wreck may whelm.

Love hath from speech such life,
That e'en where 'tis not killed,
By thoughtless jeer, or wayward strife,
Its joy may all be chilled.

My God, such check impose,
E'en on love's lawful strain,
That, whilst no coldness thereby grows,
The warmth may ne'er be pain.

15. Renewed Endeavour.

LORD, I have all night wrought,
And nothing caught;
Yet at thy word once more I cast the net:
Thy word I feel to guide
Tow'rds the right side;
And all my hope on thy sure promise set.

With thee upon the shore,
Faith's eye before,
I grow in weakness strong, in service bold:
I gain a draught at length,
Too much for strength,
And need thy help, O Lord, thy gift to hold.

16. The Master Calleth.

RISE, the Master calleth thee;
Go not to the grave to weep;
Haste, of what appalleth thee
Converse with thy Lord to keep:
He will show thee
How he'll raise thy loved from sleep.

Rise, the Master calleth thee;
Cling not to thy sullen seat:
Bear to Christ what galleth thee,
And in tears be at his feet:

He will show thee
How he'll turn thy sour to sweet.

Rise, the Master calleth thee;
Ponder not the adverse fate,
Which, like prison, walleth thee
Round; but Christ without doth wait:
He will show thee
How he'll ope the iron gate.

Rise, the Master calleth thee;
Droop not 'neath the hated sin,
Which within enthralleth thee;
Quick, thy prayer to Christ begin:
He will show thee
How a look a cure can win.

Rise, the Master calleth thee;
Short must be on earth thy stay;
Soon to die befalleth thee;
Take with Christ the darksome way:
He will show thee
How he'll change its night to day.

17. The Sting of Sin.

HOW can I doubt my sin, who feel its sting?
Nought but the serpent's venom e'er could bring
The fretting pangs, which this sad bosom wring.

Not all the desert's heat, or unslaked thirst,
Or journey's toil, could cause this sore to burst;
'Tis God's own wrath, 'gainst him rebel who durst.

So spake my woe; and longed for object near,
Raised, like the brazen symbol, high and clear,
One look to which would chase both pain and fear.

O Saviour, at my wish it straight ensued;
Full in my sight thou on thy cross wast viewed;
And one clear glimpse my heart with peace imbued.

18. Zeal.

WHEN thou pursuest
Object desired,
Still, by the newest,
Deepest inspired;
See that thou rulest
Thy thoughts in their riot;
See that thou schoolest
Thy lips into quiet:
Aim is truest,
When zeal thou coolest;
Words are fewest,
When heart is fullest.

Object I tender,
Nobler than all,

Happy to render,
Yet without fall:
'Tis that thou triest
Heaven to attain,
Yet, as thou fliest,
Boasting restrain:
Sin, O offender,
Still thou espiest,
Meet to engender
Silence in highest.

19. Expectation.

MY work on earth appears more like to waiting,
Than work in proper sense: still is before me
A day to come, feverish suspense creating,
Until 'tis past; still is impending o'er me
Some dim event; ne'er can I throw my vigour
Entire in what I do, through somewhat saving,
To spend on things in view: with unloosed rigour
The future holds me close, its fetters graving
Their wrinkles in my cheeks; nought can restore me
Youth's joyful present, all the senses sating,
Without one onward thought: best it befalleth,
That thus it be: I am in temper fitter
To leave the world, nor feel the appointment bitter:
And readier follow, when the Master calleth.

20. Waywardness.

LORD, how the bliss thou giv'st I turn to ill,
Only by force of wayward will;
Curious to find a flaw in precious stone,
Marked by no eye besides my own.

That very grace, which spares me deep distress,
Hath made me prompt to grieve for less:
The quiet fulness of my household joys
A grain of sand thrown in destroys.

I frustrate, Lord, thy purpose in my weal,
When joy designed I do not feel;
Nor learn the lesson which thy gifts address,
Not gaining trust and cheerfulness.

Lord, by thy grace, attune this wayward heart
Truer to make its answering part;
Cause with thy will accordant mine to go,
When joy thou giv'st, not less than woe.

21. Pure, then Peaceable.

SEE that when peace thou gain'st,
'Tis not at too much cost;
For ill thou peace obtain'st,
If purity be lost.

Thou must 'gainst concord strive,
When sin with self agrees ;
Or soon thou'lt find arrive
Remorse to break thine ease.

Thine own or neighbour's soul,
To make of peace the price,
Seemeth to quench a coal,
Which burns thee in a trice.

The wisdom from above
Is pure before 'tis kind ;
And holy must be love,
Ere it will surely bind.

22. Christ Afar.

SAVIOUR, at times 'tis best thou seem'st away,
In hour of need ;
That thereby faith, steadfast to wait and pray,
May find her meed ;
Thou, when thou com'st at last,
Mak'st, from the anguish past,
A sense of grace more wondrous far proceed.

O Saviour, thou wast glad thou wast not there,
When Lazarus died ;
Thou knew'st thy human heart could not forbear
Help to provide :

So did thy love find scope,
When grief had ceased to hope,
To cause a joy more strange and rich betide.

23. Preparation for Death.

IF now the call to die arrived to me,
Unmeet for heaven I feel my heart would be ;
So full of worldly aims,
So scorched with earthly flames,
'Twould with heaven's calm and pureness ne'er agree.

Yet how, with wave on wave of bustling care,
Drowning each good intent, for heaven prepare?
Still, on each holy mood,
Toils, trifles, sins, intrude,
And take from praise its song, its wing from prayer.

This only, O my God, I may attain ;
The will to die, whene'er thou may'st ordain ;
Myself on thee so thrown,
To mould me for thine own,
That heaven's mind, with heaven, from thee I gain.

24. Unseen Blessings.

STINT not thy thanks to what thou seest,
Of good bestowed, or ill eschewed ;
'Tis of God's bounties but the least,
In sight have stood.

Woes, more intense than ought was dreamt,
Were near thee oft, in act to seize,
When God from e'en a fear exempt
Maintained thine ease.

The joy, which in thy spirit dwelt,
Had oft a source thou couldst not trace;
And spake, in causeless transport felt,
Of hidden grace.

Praise for thine unseen blessings lift;
And if thy darkness doubt impose,
Trust it with Christ, each heaven-sent gift
Who bought, and knows.

25. Desires.

I WOULD fain all power exert,
With the ease of will;
Take in all enjoyment part,
With no sense of ill:
Through creation's wonders dart,
Yet be calm and still;
Bear affection's warmest heart,
Nor have check, or chill.

But a voice replieth near,
'Tis not here; 'tis not here;
This is found in higher sphere.'

I would fain all duty do,
  Nor a fragment leave;
Press to lofty aim in view,
  Nor an error grieve:
Only objects right pursue,
  Only pure perceive;
Trust, because myself am true,
  Love, because believe.

But a voice replieth near,
'Tis not here; 'tis not here;
This is won in holier sphere.'

26. Christ's Yoke.

SAVIOUR, thy yoke is easy, for we lay
  The heavier part on thee, who went'st before;
Thy burden light, because, on former day,
  Thy love away the largest portion bore.

Wearied I am, with worldly toil and loss,
  And sink, by galling load of earth oppressed;
Fain would I lay all down, and lift thy cross;
  And find its easier burden to be rest.

27. Seen of Cephas.

THE risen Saviour was of Cephas seen,
  First of the holy band, their Lord who wept;

But where with Christ he met, what passed between,
God's word hath not revealed, but all in mystery kept.

Yet much that marked the scene we well may guess;
Christ's smile benign, and Peter's kindling cheek;
How faltering vows the treason past confess,
And tears of wondering joy a grace unlooked for speak.

Ah still, in mode to all around unknown,
Christ a once erring follower loves to greet;
Withdrawn perchance for treason past to groan,
'Tis his, by sudden grace, a risen Lord to meet.

The Saviour hastes, with all night's gloom dispelled,
To dry the tears from godly woe which burst;
And, 'midst a band, by whom he seems excelled,
The Lord he once denied is seen of Cephas first.

28. Misanthropy.

I GAZE around, and find no place to rest
The eye, which looks for virtue free from blot;
Trifles delude, and jars divide the best;
And brightest shining shows most obvious spot:
I find so cold the good, the wise so blind,
So mean the great, as makes me hate my kind.

I err in this; correct the error, Lord;
Teach me to see the ill as lesser good:
The world to view, increasing still its hoard
Of lore, and right, and ancient faults subdued;
And holy influence spreading, though too slow,
All several ill to merge in one bright flow.

29. Sin Self-destroying.

I NEVER saw my Saviour, till I saw
Clearly my sin; alas! it still is needed,
That I again should thirst, again to draw:
And sight of Christ be, as before, preceded
By time of blindness; not, till sin once more
Hath thrown me to the ground, is rightly heeded
Sustaining grace; not, till breaks forth the sore,
The kind physician thought of; tares must spring,
To prove how long the field hath lain unweeded,
And wake the contrite prayer: then, when the flaw
Is mourned, again 'tis healed; oh, wondrous grace,
E'en through sin's self relief from sin to bring;
And make the guilt renewed so sharp a sting,
As draws the Saviour all the pangs to chase.

30. The Two Commandments.

TO love thee, Lord, with all the heart and soul,
Is part of duty, rather is the whole:

For, if thine image head and heart possess,
Pure will be thought, and action right no less.

To love our neighbour is the second debt,
Still, as in mould, within the former set:
When, for Christ's sake, men as true brothers meet,
All law is kept, all prophecy complete.

31. The Joy of the Holy Ghost.

I HOLD a joy, with which I feel
A stranger intermeddleth not:
Which lies too deeply hid to steal;
Which wears a form too pure to blot.

Mine own it is, all claim beyond;
For none its secret treasure knows;
No joy can wholly correspond;
Nought earthly give it cause, or close.

It wakes within, I know not how,
Save that from thee, O Holy Dove,
There comes, Christ's cleansing to avow,
A gladness lighting from above.

Thy teaching of an holy walk
The heart with healthful glow imbues;
And checked desire, and chastened talk,
The gleam of conscious grace diffuse.

I hold the joy 'midst cares and pains,
  Like secret kept on martyr's rack ;
And 'neath repented sin remains
  A spark to bring the radiance back.

It cannot boast a rapturous sense,
  Like relish of earth's lofty state ;
But surer rests, though less intense,
  In bosom fixed to hope and wait.

An heirship in the future lies ;
  And present wealth I lightly miss :
Joy whatsoe'er would dim defies,
  Bright in the gleam of coming bliss.

November.

1. Missions.

WERE the time of growth protracted
From a single year to ten,
All thy work would be transacted
E'en as now; thou still wouldst sow
In the seed-time; patient then
Wait until the grain should grow;
Sure from God such crop to reap,
As would full the garner heap.

Then, amidst the uncultured nations,
Spare not gospel seed to cast;
Only suiting firmer patience
To a longer space to spring;
All as sure to win at last
Fruit to make the reapers sing:
God will give, to faithful prime,
Larger crop, for longer time.

2. Varied Providences.

CLEARLY I see,
My God, how thou, in every fate thou send'st,
Only by different wile of love intend'st
To draw to thee.

In joy's bright hour,
Thou'dst have us bring our flowers to thee for gift;
Close to thy side our place of refuge shift,
When tempests lour.

But each event
We construe wrong; joy to the festive room
Sends us from thee; woe to a sullen gloom,
In our frail tent.

Like children we,
Whom in the market-place their fellows try,
With varied speech; but who, perverse or shy,
To nought agree.

The merry pipe
Is tuned to rouse them; but they will not dance;
Sad tales are told, yet ne'er, for one mischance,
A tear they wipe.

E'en thus, and more,
Our folly, Lord, tow'rds thee; the bliss bestowed

Finds us unthankful; and love's sadder mode,
Hard to the core.

Lord, take away
This childish mind; and give a healthier tone:
Make, both by beam and cloud, each heart thine own,
For all the day.

3. A Lesson from the Bee.

HOW far soe'er the bee may roam,
To gain the sweets that store the comb,
On buzzing wing,
Seeming to sing,
Full surely it returneth home.

Yet sages say, so short its sight,
Nought but near things it marks aright;
Yet far it goes,
Nor wandering knows;
For God conducts it home at night.

Go thou to duty like the bee,
Content but short way round to see,
So thou believe,
That God, at eve,
Full-laden home conducteth thee.

4. Proportions.

THINK on the good thou hast,
Not upon that thou lack'st;
Then thou wilt see as vast
What thou for small hadst taxed.

Think not upon thy hire,
But on thy stinted pains;
Thou'lt see the toils that tire,
Far less than are the gains.

Think not on thy reward,
But dwell on thy desert;
And thou'lt the crown regard
As shame to course inert.

With thine own woes engross
No more thy fretful thought:
Sight of thy Saviour's cross
Will all reduce to nought.

5. Sacrifice.

NOT by the gospel is the law repealed,
But broader made, in all thy God requires;
Though bull, or goat, or incense-sprinkled fires,
It ask not, more it bids to Christ to yield:

Confined no more to vineyard, stall, or field,
Thy gifts; but all which thou most precious hast,
Thou'rt charged before God's altar down to cast,
With steadfast heart, 'gainst all reluctance steeled.
Lusts slain; thoughts strangled in their sinful dawn;
Affections bound, like doves from lone-made nest;
Hearts from the market and the store withdrawn;
Man's praise poured out; pride emptied of its best;
These, with thyself for priest, Christ's robe thy lawn,
Are sacrifice, more costly, and more blest.

6. The Eye of Christ.

SINCE, O Saviour, ever nigh,
Like a friend, thou stand'st to me,
All I think and all I do,
Feel, or follow, or eschew,
Thought, and felt, and done should be,
'Neath the influence of thine eye.

Though thy glance I cannot mark,
Yet I know on me 'tis bent;
Well may then be in my heart
All the power a glance may dart;
Influence e'en from friend is sent,
Near, but seen not for the dark.

If the fancy well can paint
Absent friend as though we saw,

All as easy, Lord, to trace
Thee, who hold'st a real place ;
Thereby from thine eye to draw
Guidance, comfort, and restraint.

Up to thee, my Saviour, still
Would I turn observant look ;
By thine eye upon me felt,
Made to strive, to pause, to melt ;
Through its smile, and its rebuke,
Held to good, and drawn from ill.

7. The End of the Commandment.

LOVE is the end of all the law,
But love without its earthly flaw ;
It must have sources clear and right,
To yield it maintenance and might.

There must be pureness in the heart,
And conscience vouching true the part ;
And faith with such a trust unfeigned,
It both retains, and is retained.

If heart be pure, and conscience clear,
And faith have neither doubt nor fear,
The love, which keeps the appointed bond,
Is such as hath no law beyond.

Cleanse, Lord, my heart; my conscience free;
Give to my faith sincerity;
That love may duty so extend,
It reacheth the commandment's end.

8. Sins of Youth.

THE sins of youth
Age is oft made possess;
The old indulgence, traced in fleshly pain,
The habit left, oft striven against in vain,
The spirit soiled, and thought's polluted strain,
Enforce the truth,
Which Scripture words express.

Would that it bore
To youth a guidance blest;
That early pureness, keeping memory bright,
Heart given to God, in freshness, not in blight,
The self-control which makes all duty light,
Laid up a store,
Of joys by age possessed.

9. Looking Back.

LOOK not back, look not back,
When thou fleest the burning plain,
Lest, upon the midway track,
Thou shouldst find thee fixed remain,

Turned to monumental salt,
By thy bitterness of fault.

Haste ; thy God doth not require
That thou seek the desert mount ;
Thou may'st save thee from the fire,
In a place of small account ;
Only, on the onward track,
Stand not still, through looking back.

10. Change of Ill.

I ASKED my God, with boldness not reproved,
Why stayed so long one trouble, unremoved :
Straight he rejoined ; 'Thou must to heaven attain
By tribulation ; did this trouble wane,
Another, sent instead, alike must pain.'

I sought a change of ill ; my God replied,
'This may'st thou have, if fitting means be tried.'
'What means ?' I cried : 'Striving, with upward eye,
To reach to patience ; then this ill will fly ;
Another come, to raise thee still more high.'

11. Self-reproach.

I BLAME my brother for the sting
Of cold neglect, or biting sneer ;

When conscience home to self should bring
The fault that spoils my cheer.

I nurse, by wrathful thoughts, the fire ;
And con a bitter speech to use ;
And 'tis not from my brother's ire,
But mine, that calm I lose.

I fill my heart with vast offence,
Where none by him was truly meant ;
And make a strife in mine own sense,
And not in his intent.

I meet with nought of outward storm,
Too much for gently managed helm :
The inward gusts my tempest form,
And 'mid the breakers whelm.

If nought but love was in my heart,
And nought but quiet in my mind,
My brother would not cause me smart,
Or but to make me kind.

12. Innocence.

I SEEK a harmless life to lead,
And, some perchance may say, succeed ;
They little know,
How harmlessness itself may breed
Sin and its woe.

The scenes of public strife I shun;
Yet therein oft from duty run;
And soon am crossed
With shame to have indulgence won,
At duty's cost.

I flee from pleasure's glare and noise,
Because with me the household joys
Have apter chime:
And pleasant trifling still employs,
And wastes my time.

I have no innocence to boast;
'Tis lesser way of sin at most,
A bypath trod;
A creature still with self engrossed,
And not with God.

13. The Kingdom of God.

THY kingdom, Lord, is like a pearl of price,
Which, e'en when all
Besides may fall
To ruin, will for all suffice;
And may be lodged in such a secret place,
That none may steal it thence, and mar thy grace.

Thy kingdom, Lord, is like a lump of leaven,
Which, in the soul

Hid, through the whole
Passeth, and maketh fit for heaven.
Cheaply earth's joys and goods may all be spent,
To buy this pearl, and find this leaven augment.

14. The Temple thrown down.

'TIS not the palace only, which must fall
In earth's decay; the temple, most of all
Revered, will sink: the scheme most skilful known
To rear a church, like all of earth, o'erthrown
At last will prove, nor stone be left on stone.

We bravely for the temple fight; nor yet
Only with foes; in Zion's streets are set
God's people, each 'gainst each; Lord, when the end
Predicted comes, such holy influence send,
That fallen temple Christ-born brethren blend.

15. Faith's Failure.

NOT on thy faith, O Abraham, though so great,
Dwell I intent, but on those times of fear,
When thou wast faithless, gaining thence some cheer,
'Midst the sad varyings of my fitful state.
Thou, so resolved upon God's will to wait,
Where'er he led thee; who the one most dear

At once gav'st up, when God's command was clear,
Knowing he could restore who could create,
Like a poor craven trembledst for thy fate,
'Midst stranger men; nor could to God commit
Thy safety, and the honour of thy mate;
Yet father of the faithful still art writ.
So may I hope, with all these fears oppressed,
Still to be found thy seed, and in thy bosom rest.

16. The Will of the Flesh.

DESPITE of grace, my aim is still
Wayward for good, as 'twas for ill,
The rule of both my own proud will.

The duties that delight I do;
The vices that revolt eschew;
The pleasant path to heaven pursue.

I mould my calling to my views;
Fix my own task, and God's refuse;
And e'en my own temptations choose.

I love and serve my fellow-man;
But still my own must have the plan;
And place all difference under ban.

So, though the mind the truth reflects,
And heart its all from grace expects,
Still 'tis the flesh the will directs.

Lord, through the prayer of thy dear Son,
Thy Spirit to this flesh be won;
Then, in my will, shall thine be done.

17. The Strength of Joy.

JOY is ever strength;
Woe is only such,
In that, by its touch,
Steadier aiming comes at length.

Joy is free from doubt;
Hence it strikes to win;
All the flood within
Pours, with whelming force, without.

Joy perceives all round
Lit by sunny ray;
Hence, through all the way,
Boldness in the beam is found.

Lord, my joy in thee,
Though too oft it fade,
Might to me is made,
Heaven to seek, and sin to flee.

Joy for mercy won
Makes to duty spring;
Finds it strength to sing;
Help to weariness to run.

E'en amidst the dark,
Shines reflected light;
Which, through all the night,
Keeps unflagging to the mark.

Strength there lies in this,
Age can not impair:
Firm to heaven I fare,
Stronger still, the nearer bliss.

18. Looking for Good.

THOU may'st often look for good,
Nor the good arrive;
Yet must not the search conclude,
If thou hope to thrive.

Seven times, to look for rain,
Erst the prophet's servant went;
Six times he went in vain,
But the seventh brought th' event.

Look again, at God's command,
Thou his servant vowed;
Though no bigger than a hand,
Seen will be the cloud.

Then on trusting faith will break
Softening gush, and fruitful shower:
Only thou such warning take,
That the flood may not o'erpower.

19. The Appointed Time.

WHEN will this anxious struggle cease,
This music hush its fretting jars,
The wings be closed that beat the bars,
And I at peace?

Not till thou'rt taught no more to chafe,
For trivial ill, or worldly care;
Then only to his calm to bear
Will God vouchsafe.

When will this galling weight of sin,
Which makes me vainly writhe and groan,
Like prison fetters off be thrown,
Bright air to win?

Not till thou bring'st thy spirit down,
To rest in lowliest sinner's grace,
And, owning thou hast lost the race,
To take the crown.

When will this poor weak frame of clay
The Saviour's glorious form assume;
These tossing pains, this wearying gloom,
Pass into day?

Only when thou hast learned aright
By prayer thy bosom to compose,

Thine eyes to that sweet sleep will close,
Which wakes to light.

20. God's Search.

THOU seek'st us, Lord, o'er the whole world's wide range,
As on the mountains seeks the shepherd true
The wandering sheep; and, when to right we change,
Thou joy'st; and with thee joy thine angels too.

Thou seek'st us in our home, as, in each nook,
The owner tracketh the lost coin for long;
And, when thou find'st us, then, with feast-time look,
Thine angels round, like friends and neighbours, throng.

21. Joy in Heaven.

IF, on this earth, 'twas still my foremost aim
Joy to thy life, beloved one, to impart,
Fitly my object now remains the same,
When thou in bliss retain'st as much my heart.

I may not hope thy smile, as here, to win,
For duty seen by love all free from leaven;
But holy sorrow, meekly nursed for sin,
Will yield thee, as to angels, joy in heaven.

22. Worldly Pleasures.

WORLDLY pleasures, as they waste,
Grow to garbage to the taste;
Dainty meats, and sparkling wine,
Turn to husks consumed 'mid swine.

Wherefore, then, disgusted feed
On pollution, day by day?
Rise, the door stands wide, and speed
To thy Father's far away.

Only needful that thou start
From the contact, and depart:
If the path be but begun,
Home and pardon will be won.

Thou a happy feast wilt share,
In a son's, not servant's, place;
With an elder brother there,
Smiling on the father's grace.

23. The Scourge of Small Cords.

DRIVE from this heart, O Saviour, whatsoe'er
Thou see'st pollute it, or unmeet that there
It should abide; as, from the shrine, of old,
Thou drav'st the traffic, and forbad'st to hold,
Within God's temple, tables, doves, and gold.

Form of these petty woes a fitting scourge,
Made of small cords, therewith my flight to urge
From sin's occasion : in thy hand, my Lord,
Each trivial care becomes a several cord,
Entwined a gracious chastening to afford.

24. Self-Inspection.

LOOK not long on inward mirror ;
If thou dost, thou'lt make an error,
Far on one or other side ;
Overmuch thou'lt seem excelling ;
Or, on special blemish dwelling,
Nurse a gloom, from truth as wide.

Fix thine eye upon thy Saviour,
For the glass of thy behaviour,
Squaring by his life thine own :
Faulty will the sight express thee,
Yet with nought of fear distress thee,
Safe, through his perfection, known.

25. Friendship's End.

FRIENDSHIP hath close
By other ways than wrongs ;
Gradual estrangement, lacking conscious cause,
Life's altered course, which each from each withdraws,
Communion checked, for more than usual pause,

Have not made foes,
But unmade friends, of throngs.

I mourn a breach,
Where yet I cannot blame;
A bond of youth, broken, nor elsewhere knit,
A blank where blithesome journal once was writ,
A bypast joy of earth; yet thereby fit
Of friend to teach,
Past death itself the same.

26. The Way, the Truth, and the Life.

THE spirit roameth to and fro,
The spacious earth abroad;
Yet findeth not the way to go
Up to the throne of God,
Until, dejected and forlorn,
It wakes, and sees, at break of morn,
The guide who wears the crown of thorn.

The spirit, hasting all to know,
Esteems for sure the new;
And straight th' established must forego,
And seek again the true.
It looks with certainty on nought,
Till to the living Word 'tis brought;
And God's design, of God, is taught.

The spirit dies, of ache and throe,
Within the wearied breast;
Gone all its strength, and speed, and glow,
It dies, yet doth not rest.
Only it liveth, when it holds
The life which Christ for glory moulds;
Which, hid with God, in heaven unfolds.

27. Daily Labour.

CHRIST, at noon, from travel resting,
Wearied, sat on Jacob's well;
Christ, at eve, from foes infesting,
Toils depressing, cares molesting,
Hied at Bethany to dwell,
Suffering by repose to quell.

Thus, like thee, thy Saviour tasted
Daily labour, long and sore;
Thus, with duty worn and wasted,
To his couch at evening hasted,
Hopeful of a rest in store,
And the dreams of heaven it bore.

Like thy Lord, at early morning,
Shun not labour to resume;
Nought, which Christ hath hallowed, scorning;
With his image all adorning;
Till thou lay'st thee in thy tomb,
At an eve deprived of gloom.

28. The Need of Prayer.

MINE is a need, of which the sense
Stings with a sharper power,
That still, for warning or defence,
It comes behind the hour:
The need of prayer more prompt and fleet,
A ceaseless lapse tow'rds sin to meet.

For lack of this, the voice of mirth
Hath oft a thoughtless flow;
And grief to long sad hours gives birth,
Ere it can still its throe;
And duty, through a prayerless prime,
Is late and cheerless in its time.

Oh, if at once the might of prayer
I used, 'twere all to win;
To breathe in this, as circling air,
Would bar all taint of sin:
And heaven's holiness 'twould give,
Ever with God in sight to live.

29. Leanness to the Soul.

GIVE not, O God, the feast,
Which rashly we desire,
If, when its joys have ceased,
Or its endurance tire,

The flesh hath full contentment caught,
But leanness to the soul is brought.

At times our prayer for bliss
Hath so its answer met,
Our end we do not miss,
And yet our gain regret;
A life of joy, uncharged with sin,
Yet deadness to the life within.

We fare like those of old,
Who yearned for fleshly meat:
And birds from heaven behold,
On feathers bright and fleet:
Then, in the fulness of delight,
We find the avenging plague to smite.

Heed not, O God, the cry
For bliss, with bane below;
Food to the flesh deny;
And on the soul bestow:
So, though the outward man decay,
The inward groweth, day by day.

30. Leaders in Israel.

WOULDST thou, out from Egypt, lead
God's predestined race?
Thou must not, with thoughtless speed,
Seize a leader's place.

Moses struck too soon the blow,
Though it laid th' Egyptian low;
Thence was forced, in fear and flight,
Hopes, that else had bloomed, to blight.

Forty years, in Midian's land,
  Moses kept the flock;
Then went forth, at God's command,
  Israel's lamp and rock.
Thou, like him, must wait, and serve,
Thee for leader's part to nerve;
Watch for years the flock beside,
E'er thou Israel's thousands guide.

December.

1. Varied Deaths.

ELIJAH, in his chariot's blaze,
Triumphant rose on high;
Elisha stretching far his gaze,
Towards the wished for sky.

How did Elisha meet his fate?
On common sick-bed laid,
'Tis told he died; his parting state
Not more than thus portrayed.

Yet, to the heaven which both had sought,
He all as quickly sped;
The grace, by different path which brought,
To equal glory led.

So journey saints; in triumph one,
Silent another dies;
Yet all, the work appointed done,
Alike to glory rise.

2. Invitation.

THERE are waters, fresh and clear,
Gushing near,
From a rock, as from a well;
Come, whoe'er athirst may be;
Christ is free;
Drink, and all your thirst dispel.

There is manna, fresh and sweet,
Given for meat,
Every morn anew from heaven;
Come, who hunger after good;
Christ is food;
Eat the bread, which hath no leaven.

Come, nor think to bring a price,
To suffice;
Nought thou hast, or gold too scant:
If thy pride to ask thou school,
Christ is full;
Ask, and ne'er again have want.

3. If the Lord will.

DAILY I talk, as others do,
Of schemes I purpose to fulfil;
Yet said within, when no one knew,
'If the Lord will.'

For joy in view I hope and strive,
And earnest pray 'gainst threatening ill;
Yet keep, through all, the thought alive,
'If the Lord will.'

Something there is I'd fain achieve,
Ere comes the narrow bed and chill;
Yet incomplete the whole would leave,
If the Lord will.

Fruit I would view with seed agree,
In hearts where I would right instil;
Yet am content to trust, not see,
If the Lord will.

I would for heaven far meeter grow,
And yet, when fail both strength and skill,
Imperfect, yet accepted, go,
If the Lord will.

Life be as long as ere it may,
With gleam and shade the time to fill;
Death come, and close mine eyes to-day,
If the Lord will.

4. Thanks in Everything.

I FIND a lesson still to learn,
In what I deemed was fully taught;

A flaw in duty to discern,
Though seeming to completeness brought.

I feel a grateful glow to rise,
When joys my happy dwelling throng ;
Can wear submission's lowly guise,
'Mid fretting care, and galling wrong ;

But ah, the grateful smile to show,
Alike amid the joy and care,
And thanks to give for worst of woe,
Is height of faith beyond my share.

Yet short of this, my God hath willed,
He stops not, who as Christian ranks ;
God's will in Christ is not fulfilled,
Till all things make the saint give thanks.

He cannot deem himself to stand
In place of son, or hope of heir,
Till all things show a father's hand,
And all a father's love declare.

Put, O my God, for sharpest woes,
In this poor heart such thankful frame,
That worst of evil thereby grows
To best of good, by different name.

5. The Greater Woe.

THE cares, which on my path I meet,
Are like the thorns where travellers stray,
Which pierce the heedless wanderer's feet,
Yet soon are plucked by love away :
O Saviour, when the worst assails,
What is it to thy cross and nails ?

Nought have I here of woe to bear,
But finds in love a refuge given ;
Were none on earth to soothe my care,
Saviour, I have thyself in heaven :
But thou wast on thy cross bereft
Of refuge to all others left.

Oh wondrous plan, still giving grief
The thought of greater for relief ;
The memory of a sharper sore,
Which he, who comes to soothe us, bore.

6. A Pilgrim and Sojourner.

I BEAR the pilgrim's heart,
If so be this consist
Of joys and comforts missed,

Of weariness and smart,
In one from home apart.

But not within my breast
Is felt, alike in force,
The wish for onward course,
The impulse ne'er to rest,
The haste of passing guest.

I linger on the way,
Like one who home forgets;
I seem like one who sets
His dwelling up to stay,
Distaste it as he may.

My God, in me complete
The part I should sustain;
This weariedness and pain
Make, as earth less is sweet,
The race to heav'n more fleet.

7. The Flight in Winter.

THOU may'st win escape
From transgression's doom,
Yet thy rescue take such shape,
As will work thee gloom.

Thou may'st stretch the time,
Follies interweave,

Till what had been bright at prime
Darkly comes at eve.

Safe were God's elect,
'Neath Jerusalem's fall ;
Yet had Faith much suffering checked,
Prompt at earlier call.

Pray thou, that thy flight
Not in winter prove ;
Whilst thou still hast warmth and light,
Tow'rds thy refuge move.

8. God's Purposes.

ENOUGH, O Lord, I have been taught
Thy purpose in my bypast woe,
To bring a calm to troubled thought,
In ways whose end thou dost not show.

Oft, at the time, thine aim was hid,
Yet after came most plain to sight,
In sin discovered, frailty chid,
And feeling changed from wrong to right.

Now, though as darkly as of yore
Thy way with me may seem to wind,
I know it hath a point in store,
To show distinctly all behind.

What thou hast written on the wall
Thy Spirit helps so clear to trace,
That all, which on the blank may fall,
I know will make as plain thy grace.

9. A Thought Shunned.

SUFFER not, within thy breast,
E'er a single thought to rest,
Coarse or impure;
Lest, when thou wouldst fain be free,
Hold thou find it lay on thee,
Hard to endure:

Lest, upon thy dying bed,
Thou shouldst find, all else instead,
That thought to stay;
Making gloom, where should be light,
And, though heaven it bar not quite,
Darkening the way.

10. Sins in Kindred.

I SEE, at times, so stained with sin,
The dear ones I to Christ would win,
That, shrunk to muteness, I despair,
Of fruit to faith, or power to prayer.

Then, sounder feeling to infuse,
Straight on mine own past course I muse,

In vileness e'en beyond their case,
But, Saviour, not beyond thy grace.

I think how year on year went by,
With thee unthought of, though so nigh;
And long as these appear to stray,
I learn to wait the brighter day.

'Midst my weak efforts these to gain,
I think of some tow'rds me as vain;
The grace, which quelled my heart at length,
For these, I say, hath equal strength.

Lord, though to thee long reconciled,
Thou know'st me still a froward child;
Yet distant as from heaven I plod,
I would that these as near had trod.

I would my Christian state was theirs,
Without its taints, and doubts, and snares:
My wish to thine, O Paul, responds,
'E'en such as I, without these bonds.'

11. Times of Refreshing.

IF, 'mid the toil on daily business spent,
The mind be stretched, till ache from tension grow,

Then hath it vigour, like a bow full bent,
Higher, than e'en its wont, its thoughts to throw :
Change thou the stress, by thought sent up to God ;
Then back, with new-strung nerve, with strength re-
doubled plod.

Make thee a rest, like that which travellers share,
In noon-day's heat, at fountain hid in shade ;
Coolness and quiet gaining from a prayer,
In secret from the bosom's depths conveyed ;
So will the fainting pilgrims thou wilt meet
Marvel to hear thy song, and mark thine untired feet.

12. Light at Evening Time.

MY sky is ne'er without a cloud,
My heart with anxious gloom to smite :
And still I have the thought allowed,
'At evening time it shall be light.'

I sink, by worldly trouble bowed,
Then feel so much, O God, thy might,
As makes assured, nor therefore proud,
'At evening time it shall be light.'

It saddens that, thy servant vowed,
I still should sin, all vow despite :
Then saith thy Word, distinct, not loud,
'At evening time it shall be light.'

It may be, that the gloom enshroud,
Till just before there fall the night;
In one bright gleam, ere death allowed,
'At evening time it shall be light.'

13. Knowledge.

I LEARN but to unlearn some former lore,
Or heap the store,
To heap fresh wants, and feel a need of more.

I know a little, much to find unknown;
The knowledge grown
Contributes but the seed to what is sown.

I reach the point, and view a point beyond;
Whate'er is conned,
Something I see, which doth not correspond.

To God more likeness through more light I gain;
But still remain
The finite, to advance, and ne'er attain.

14. Pray and Faint not.

THE unjust judge, who feared not God nor man,
Bowed 'neath the power of ofttimes urged request:

He, who nor right nor wrong was wont to scan,
For selfish ease the righteous cause redressed.

O Judge most just, how shouldst thou then refrain
To right thine own, when of their woes they tell?
Though long thou seem'st to bear, when they complain,
Thou com'st at last, and all things doest well.

Teach us, O Lord, to pray and not to faint,
Though hope all sign of thine approach may lack;
Though faith may not seem found in earthly saint,
Let prayer still plead, and faith with thee come back.

15. Successive Deaths.

DEATH hath a chain, as well as life,
Binding, in destined tie,
Those who, amidst this earthly strife,
Successive fall and die.

God hath a purpose in the time,
Not less than in the way;
And joins the gone at morning's prime,
With those at close of day.

O thou, whose early doom appeared
Fraught with mysterious woe,
Another death since then hath cleared
The object of the blow.

Thou, for sweet company above,
Wast sent before to rest;
A welcome to prepare for love,
And make e'en heaven more blest.

16. The Sign of the Fleece.

THE dew is ofttimes all around,
Save where thou lay'st the fleece;
And thou complain'st of scantness found,
Where others find increase.

Be patient; thou wilt have the dew,
When all around are dry;
And know God gives a sign as true,
In want, as in supply.

17. The Rod and the Staff.

'TIS not thy staff alone, but eke thy rod,
Which bringeth comfort, O my God;
From that I gain support; but from the way,
Leaning thereon, too oft I stray;

Thou must bring back; the rod, which smites thy foes,
Must yield thy servants warning blows.
Thy staff for strength, thy rod to keep me clear,
Free e'en the darkest path from fear:
For rod and staff thus guide, I know full well,
For ever in God's house to dwell.

18. Ease.

FAME, grandeur, pleasure, lose the hold,
They had at morning, by degrees;
The object of the heart grown old
Is centred all in ease;
Untouched to live in quiet fold,
The prayer of wearied knees.

Alas! in losing morning's spring,
I lose its scorn of petty woe;
Ills, in the race unfelt to sting,
To serious aspect grow:
The trifles, which my comfort bring,
My calmness overthrow.

So the hope, which was my last,
Forward with the rest is cast,
There, where ease is found to wait
E'en on glory's highest state.

19. Resist, and he will Flee.

NOT by my might I caused the Tempter flee,
But by thy promise, which like charm repelled him;
Thy word remembered, e'en as if from thee
Straight it descended, from his prey withheld him.

In vain was prayer, and groans with prayer combined,
From faithless heart, which careless watch was keeping:
The rebel thought, returning to the mind,
Brought back the foe, as into fortress sleeping.

Then on the word I dwelt, which said, 'Resist,'
And pledged thy truth, my God, that 'twould release me;
But how to act the precept scarce I wist,
So seemed the lawless thought intent to seize me.

With honest will to chase the thought I strove;
Then found so soon the darkening influence waning,
As showed that grace away the Tempter drove,
No power besides such rapid flight constraining.

20. Watch and Pray.

WATCH and pray: 'tis but an hour
That thy task will last;

Steadfast strive 'gainst slumber's power,
Till be wholly past
All thy Saviour's agony,
Borne, O faithless friend, for thee.

Watch and pray; thy Saviour prays,
Watching near at hand:
If the time to sleep betrays,
Thou, when comes the band
Christ to bind and crucify,
Straight wilt him forsake, and fly.

21. The Departed.

THOU hast not fled, O Saviour, like the friends
That leave us here;
Thy presence is in heaven, but extends
To earthly sphere:
Who weep thee gone
Bring back anon,
And, strangely, find the friend that died still near.

Thy story is of one in bygone years,
His blood who shed,
And shed for us;—therefore the page with tears
Is moist, while read;
Then, with the past
When all is classed,
Thou com'st, and speak'st, and smil'st, as one not dead.

22. Litany.

LORD, when earthly pleasures lure,
When the bad our doubts assure,
And to sin appears secure,
Keep us pure.

Lord, when strife we meet and wrong,
Judgments harsh, and angry throng,
For that we to Christ belong,
Keep us strong.

Lord, when in our stores we find
Wealth amassed, like idol shrined,
And the fortune threats the mind,
Keep us kind.

Lord, when sickness brings its qualm,
Or when sorrow finds not balm,
And the prayer supplants the psalm,
Keep us calm.

Lord, when human praise we seek,
When we run beyond the weak,
And approach the topmost peak,
Keep us meek.

Lord, when rusheth whelming ill,
When our sins their pledge fulfil,

And we see the woe thy will,
Keep us still.

Lord, when nought can more be had,
To our life an hour to add,
And the parting-time is sad,
Make us glad.

23. Brought into the Desert.

MY Saviour, ne'er thou hidd'st thy face,
But, soon as love grew wild with fear,
To lose the smile, ne'er known so dear,
Again thou mad'st appear thy grace.

But for a season thou withdrew'st,
Deep in my wearied breast to send
A longing for the absent friend;
Then straight thou cam'st, as thou wast used.

Thou brought'st me to the desert, Lord,
That there, from all the noise apart,
Which might distract, or stun, my heart,
Gently thou might'st rebuke afford.

Then, ere I left the barren scene,
Thou with such words of comfort spedd'st,
As proved that, when thou thither ledd'st,
Thy purpose all of love had been.

24. The Eve of the Nativity.

I WATCHED in darkness, whilst the time went on,
Nor showed one sign of dawn ; afar were gone
My wandering thoughts, o'er a wide field to rove,
Yet scant of pasture ; these to rule I strove ;
But cold, and dark, and wearied, ill I throve.

There shone, amidst the gloom, a sudden light,
Which cleared the view ; an angel, swift and bright,
Told that the Saviour, waited for so long,
Was born that hour to me : an heavenly throng
'Glory to God' rejoined, in gushing song.

In haste I rose ; and, where the voice conveyed,
I found the promised Lord : straight was allayed
All fear, and peace obtained ; to men goodwill
Reigned in my heart ; and, gone all gloom and chill,
'Glory to God,' my song resounded still.

Keep thou the vigil, with a patient breast,
Who yearn'st for Christ ; nor yet canst know possessed

The promised boon: when most thy fears abound,
The light will break; the angels' song resound;
And Christ to thee be new-born Saviour found.

25. A Christmas Carol.

CHRISTMAS comes, in blithe array;
Be not thou, dear Lord, away;
Since the time is named from thee,
Thou shouldst never absent be.

'Tis thy birth-day, gentle Lord,
Now we keep, at shrine or board;
Surely, at the festival,
Thou shouldst be the chief of all.

Now, along the bustling street,
Children run, with lightsome feet:
Meet them, Lord, and, as they go,
Blessing, as of old, bestow.

All about the household hearth,
Circles inoffensive mirth;
Elder brother of our race,
Mix the liveliness with grace.

Love is dealing gifts around;
Shall not some for thee be found?

Holy thoughts, or words which wake them ;
Poor, but thou wilt sweetly take them.

Joy on every face is flung ;
Cakes are eat, and songs are sung :
One rude rhyme, amidst the glee,
Well may rise, dear Lord, to thee.

26. The Assurance of Faith.

LORD, when myself I ask if I am thine,
My heart so much of sin beholds,
That nought I do, or feel, unfolds
A certain sign.

Wearied and vexed, I give self-searching o'er ;
And, but to gain relief from care,
I turn to duty and to prayer,
Though heart be sore.

From self I look, a sight with sadness fraught,
Away to Christ ; and, whilst I do,
The peace of sureness find ensue,
Without the thought.

Myself I lose from view, as I engross
My heart, O bleeding Lord, with thee :

And nought is dreaded, when I see
Nought but thy cross.

I dwell upon thy love; and find suffused
All things around with love and grace:
Then feel, though how I cannot trace,
Like captive loosed.

Give me, my God, the state of all the best,
When resting love no question stirs;
Nor once to thought the point occurs,
Doubt to suggest.

27. A Rule for All.

DO for the best,
According to thy light,
With prayer addressed,
To God to keep thee right:
Then, if thou fail'st,
Thou yield'st with nought of shame;
Or, if prevail'st,
Giv'st glory to his name,
From whose decree thy loss or honour came.

Speed on thy task,
Like one who must succeed;
Yet strengthening ask,
As creature full of need;

Firmly be bent
Upon the gain before ;
Yet well content
To find it still in store ;
Nor e'er thy joy to reap till life be o'er.

28. A Warning to All.

CHAFE not beneath thy petty cares,
For fear thou hast a time in store,
When what thy heart so hardly bears,
Thou'lt long that thou couldst know once more,
As what was dross of golden ore.

The petty wrongs which dear ones do,
The trivial faults the loved display,
Deal with them gently, kindly view,
Lest thou shouldst meet the bitter day,
To wish all back which is away.

Feel as a warning, not a scourge,
The slight abatements from thy joys ;
And dread a rash desire to urge,
Lest, when thou losest what annoys,
The blow thy whole of bliss destroys.

29. Willingness to Die.

IF, O my soul, to die
Call you to heaven to hie,

Why shouldst thou shrink from death,
When it grows nigher?
'Tis but the Master saith,
'Go thou up higher.'

If, O my soul, to thee
Life full of suffering be,
Why wouldst thou more prolong
Woes that assail thee?
Death is the angels' song,
'Mongst them to hail thee.

Life be thy school to teach
Death with content to reach.
Cheer thee, till daylight close,
God's work fulfilling;
Then for thy rest compose,
Wearied, and willing.

30. Divine Song.

LORD, with this weak poor rhyme,
Feebly I upwards climb,
Seeking to join the choir thy throne around:
Only at times I think,
Ere straight to earth I sink,
I catch of heaven's song a faint far sound.

Only enough I catch,
To strive the notes to match
With echoes, which this earth may round repeat:

But earth is dull and mute,
The strains of heaven to suit;
Nor prompt sweet song, without high flight, to greet.

So am I taught the humbler part
Of music in the hidden heart;
In which the rudest saint we see
With angels keepeth harmony.

31. Bread on the Waters.

TIME rolls on; and, in its flow,
Thoughts are dropped, which, day by day,
Float away,
And from reach of memory go.

Are they then for ever gone?
Or will these, upon thy sea,
Eternity,
Rise to startle us anon?

Oft are found, on after morn,
Themes which random words disperse,
Or which verse
Hath, like ark of rushes, borne.

All at once, on devious way,
Juts a corner of the stream,

With a gleam,
Bright remembrance to convey.

On the waters I have cast
Thoughts on which, like hallowed bread,
I have fed,
'Midst the scenes of moments past.

All may quickly sink from sight;
Yet enough in heaven to view
One, who grew,
Thereby, unto peace or light.

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